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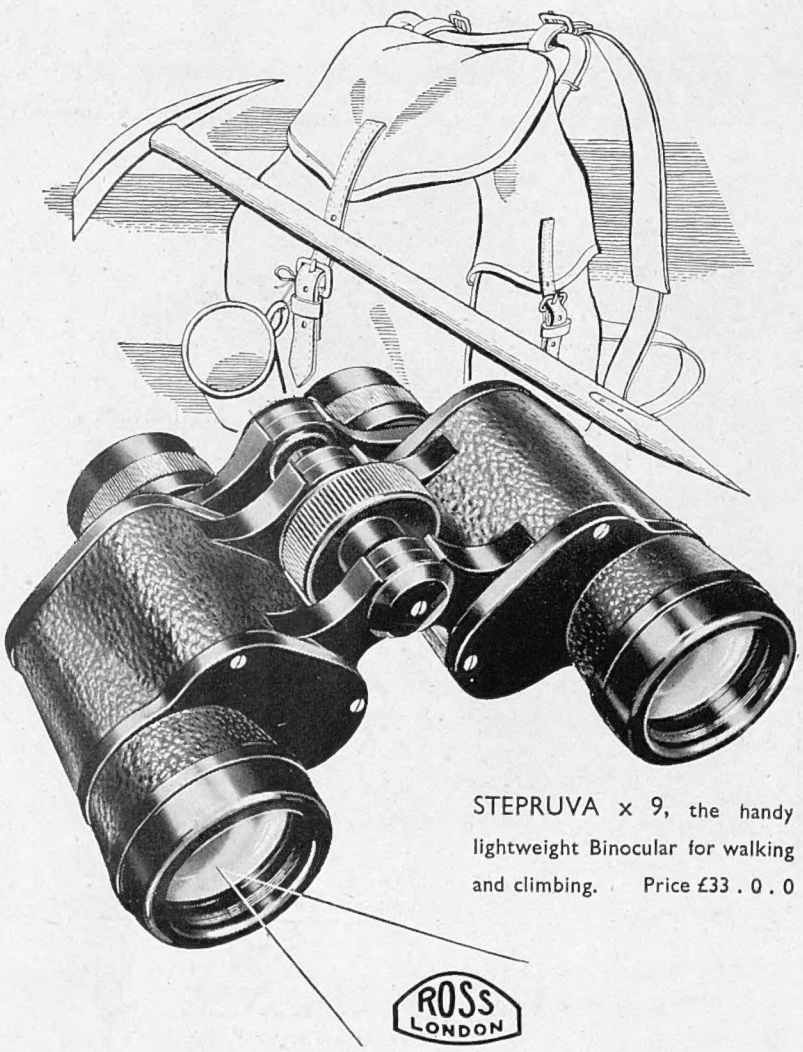

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POTSDAMERPLATZ, BERLIN, WHERE THREE SECTORS MEET—THE CHIEF TROUBLE-SPOT IN THE CITY, THE SCENE OF BLACK-MARKET ACTIVITY AND OF THE KIDNAPPING OF AN AMERICAN OFFICIAL: Crowds are milling round the money-changers as dealings take place in Soviet marks and the new Western marks. The picture is taken in the British Sector, and looks across a corner of the Russian Sector to the street on the left, where the American Sector begins

The corner of the Potsdamerplatz, where the British, American and Russian Sectors of Berlin meet, has for some time past been a real trouble-spot. It has been the scene of constant clashes between Russian and Western Allied police, and it was there last Sunday that Mr. Thomas P. Headen, forty-five-year-old U.S. Deputy Director of Information, was seized by Soviet police as he stepped across the boundary. The Potsdamerplatz is thronged on most days with money-changers engaged in dealing in Eastern and Western marks. Police raids to stop these illegal activities are frequent, and last week the Soviet-controlled German police actually opened fire on a hostile crowd. Following the seizure of Mr. Headen, the British Sector was barricaded off with steel scaffolding, and dozens of boards marked "British Sector" in English, German and Russian have been put up along the pavement. British redcaps stand on guard near the square, and forty yards down the road a riot squad of military police wait in a truck for any call to action. (Further Berlin pictures will be found on page 259)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Vicious Circle.—In the freak year of 1920, when all the world was clamouring for the goods which we could supply to perfection, our exports for the month of July reached the record of £137,000,000. But in July 1948 we beat that figure by £8,000,000 and set up a new record. Chuck her up? Out of the wood? By no means. £145,000,000 per month of exports is only a drop in the ocean as a means of curbing our ever-increasing debts. The more we export, the more need to import raw materials, and still the prices of these materials are soaring. It is almost true to say that the more we export, the more we cripple ourselves with debt. For in July last we had to pay £185,000,000 for the materials which enabled us to export £145,000,000 worth of goods. And still the prices rise. Now this is a topic fit for the mad hatter's tea-party. And have you noticed how closely some of our Ministers concerned with our trade and finance resemble Tenniel's illustrations of Lewis Carroll's immortal characters? We were very cock-a-hoop in 1920. Undreamed-of prosperity was signalled for us, what with German reparations and expanding trade. But in truth it was the gateway to Bleak House. To-day we live in Bleak House and do not talk of prosperity, but the Wonderland figures and records suggest that an undreamed-of bleakness is round the corner. For at last the vicious circle is clear to all. Of what use are all our efforts, all our sacrifices and home austerities if we must toil and moil in discomfort to supply our neighbours at so ruinous a cost to ourselves? Why should not we enjoy some of the pots and pans and cars and wireless-sets which we send overseas at so ruinous a loss? And the only answer is: Beggars can't be choosers. We pay for our bread with motor-cars and whisky. We must export or starve. Only secondarily is it a question of export or *bust*. And it is difficult to reject the probability that, if the prices of our raw materials do not quickly and considerably fall, we shall both starve and bust without long delay.

Apologetic.—If a deterioration in the *gravity* of "The Newsletter" has been observed in the latest issues, let me disarm criticism with an apology and explanation. My plans for getting the latest news of serious matters up here to my present "lodge in the wilderness" have failed. I have had none of the dailies, on which I usually rely, for over a week. Nor have I a wireless. I have relied on a single daily which encouraged me with its own legend, "The World's Greatest Newspaper." If the legend is the bare truth, then our world is (like me) on holiday, for it is filled with snippets about teen-age girls, boy-friends, drowning accidents, murders, League football, and the adventures and misfortunes of the citizens of Buckie, a town which always seems to fill the columns of the north-east coast Press in August, though I have no other proof of its existence. So I have fallen back on our own trivialities, which concern the taking of salmon from the river (on the legitimate fly), trout from the burns and an occasional grouse, snipe and numerous ground game from the hills and marshes. And I hope that the Greatest Newspaper correctly reflects what is going on in the great world, and that it is (like us in our microcosm) on holiday and concerned with the innocent or the trivial. High time for a *mi-carême* in a long Lent of crisis. I hope Stalin is fishing, Molotov playing croquet, and Bevan on his back on the seashore reading *Good Words*.

The Rain.—Berwickshire is a disaster area still. Speyside and Elgin looked like having the same fate. Even the reputed dry areas of Nairnshire were in like danger. During August 1947, which I spent in Scotland, near Nairn, not one drop of rain fell. The moors were tinder, the rivers ran in trickles and were principally used by panting bathers, and a torrid sun shone all day long. An "all-time record." This year I have been a week in the same place and have experienced another "record." For three days and nights, following an abnormally wet week and, indeed, summer, it has practically never ceased raining; heavy rain, too. The Findhorn, the Nairn and the Cawdor burn were higher than at any time since the great flood in 1915. All over the moors, large lochs appeared, altering the familiar landscape; bridges are down, roads impassable, culverts have caved in, sheep and cattle are drowned, and the harvest, wherever my eyes saw the fields, resembled crushed seaweed. And it has been bitter cold, with the hideous east wind which in these parts brings sometimes these non-stop days of rain. It is a heavy blow to farmers' hopes, a grievous end to a year's hard labour. I know that recovery is surprisingly rapid when standing crops look beyond hope. The Scottish scythe can go where the mechanical reaper can only bulldoze; but, at the very best of it now, a better-than-average harvest is turned into a worse-than-average, at a very vital juncture. It remains only to say that politicians and pundits concerned with agriculture should know better than to prate of bumper harvests, here or there, until the grain is in the barns and the bins. There has been far too much prating all this summer.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION—DR. GEOFFREY FRANCIS FISHER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND, GIVING HIS REPORT ON THE EIGHTH LAMBETH CONFERENCE, RECENTLY CONCLUDED: On the left is the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Haigh, Resident Chaplain and Assistant Secretary to the Conference. Altogether 300 bishops gathered in London for this great conclave, and their findings will guide the Anglican Communion during the next decade. Among the principal subjects discussed were movements for reunion of the Churches, as exemplified by the experiment in South India, and the Church's discipline in marriage

For the Fisherman.—The weather in this usually sunny Nairnshire has been unpleasant, as sunless and chilly as November in London, and as wet as Assam. A splendid harvest lies dourly in the fields—waiting to be gathered in. It is the fisherman's hour. Last August we had thirty days of sweltering sunshine without a shower, and Nature does not repeat herself. The lovely Findhorn then was used only by bathing nymphs. This year it is another story. The Findhorn has been making fishing history. Why is it that fishermen's doings are passed down the glen like bazaar rumour, and good days on the river are allowed to become legends, while your stalker or grouse-shooter is allowed but one burst of vainglory for any success? The answer no doubt is that on many Highland rivers a salmon caught on a fly is a *rara avis* compared with the probable result of a stalk or with ten brace of grouse during a morning's walk nowadays. I admit I have not the fisherman's make-up. There is never hope at the thick end of my rod. Be the water never so good and the pools never so boiling with fish, it looks hopeless to *me* from the start. So it is that, as one that cannot "endure to the end," I am never in at the death, and it is as a listener—as patient as may be—that I take part in our notable days on the glorious Findhorn, with its tales of monsters hooked and lost, and its occasional succulent prizes snatched at long last in the gloaming by the true fishermen.

Stone or Tin?—There is nothing sadder in Highland social history than to compare the tin towns growing up in the outskirts of small Highland towns with the solid stone-built cottages and farmhouses in the lonely places in the hills. The former are ugly and cheerless and connote queues and shortages. The latter are solid, usually in heavenly surroundings in the midst of plenty—the bounties of nature. But few can be found to choose the solid stone house and the plenty. It is too lonely. Either the wife or the husband revolts. Schooling is a difficulty, groceries another. The long winter is a definite deterrent. And so it is that in the hills where sheep do well and cattle thrive and plenty lies for the picking up,

"Cold stands the house and the chimney stone is cold,"

where in old days generation after generation of the same family lived and throve by husbandry and stock-keeping. I cannot bear to see these strong and ample dwellings falling into ruin and so much peace, plenty and beauty thrown away. Yet I was not born in (or to) Solitude, and I understand the need of companionship for young and old and the claustrophobia of life when roads become impassable. Yet these days are abnormal days when peace and plenty mean more than companionship, and when what we get from our fellow-men is often enough lacking in sympathy and comfort and intellectual profit. Our neighbours are all too busy, too disillusioned, too self-centred for altruism. The stone houses in the hills cry out for tenants from among the wise and the prudent.

Ashes Indeed.—What to say about the Oval Test match? The less the better. Another urn for the ashes of what was left of English cricket, to be the prize in a future series of Tests between, All England and a Woollamalloo XI? It's only a game, of course; but a game, to be worth watching must be tense and serious enough for rigour, and upon my soul, that final Test must (for the Australians) have been almost an occasion for tactful ca' canny. However, there is a less gloomy side to the picture. In two of the five games, there was very little wrong with English cricket, and with a little more luck the series might have resulted in a narrow victory for the Australians. But luck plays for both sides, and no one can seriously deny that, as a team and man for man, they were vastly our superiors in every department of the game. And it is very difficult to account for. Myself, I believe the trouble for England begins on the village greens, where our future hopes should be better encouraged and coached systematically. Village cricket indeed flourishes, but it is largely a middle-aged man's game. It should be the cradle of Test cricketers.

The Vermin Club.—A signal honour has been paid me. I have been elected an honorary member of the Vermin Club (H.Q., Twickenham), and a handsome badge (which I am wearing at this moment) accompanied the announcement. At first I supposed that this honour had been paid me for my moderate success in ridding our neighbourhood of grey squirrels, jays, magpies, moles, and so forth. But a closer examination revealed that we members are the Vermin and that the Club was born of Bevan's famous insult to Tories. But I sail under false colours. The Club's chairman cites me for my honour as "one of the leading anti-Socialist writers of to-day." As a matter of fact, I am better (though bad enough) at swatting squirrels than Socialists (all save those irrepressible and irresponsible inciters of class-hatred), and I fear I have done more to criticise than to glorify Conservative propaganda and preparation for 1950. But the badge is handsome and the cause is good, and I take up membership of my new Club with modest pride.

THE OLD STAGER

A BORDERLAND SKIRMISH : This picture was taken by Jack Chitham, a British press photographer, as a Soviet military policeman with rifle unslung returned to his own sector after pursuing Chitham into the British sector. Soviet military police take the strongest exception to the activities of Western Allied pressmen, and in last Sunday's clash in the Potsdamerplatz it is possible they mistook the American whom they kidnapped, Mr. Headen, for a reporter or photographer. British military police watched the incident depicted here, but did not interfere

ATTEMPTING TO KEEP THE PEACE ON THE BORDERLAND : A British military policeman and a German policeman of the Western Sector, with his dog, seen in the Potsdamerplatz during the rioting on August 19, when the Soviet-controlled German police clashed with a hostile crowd 3,000 strong. Three people, including one woman, were seriously wounded

THE BERLIN BORDER RAIDING

Clashes in the Potsdamerplatz, where the British, American and Russian Sectors Meet

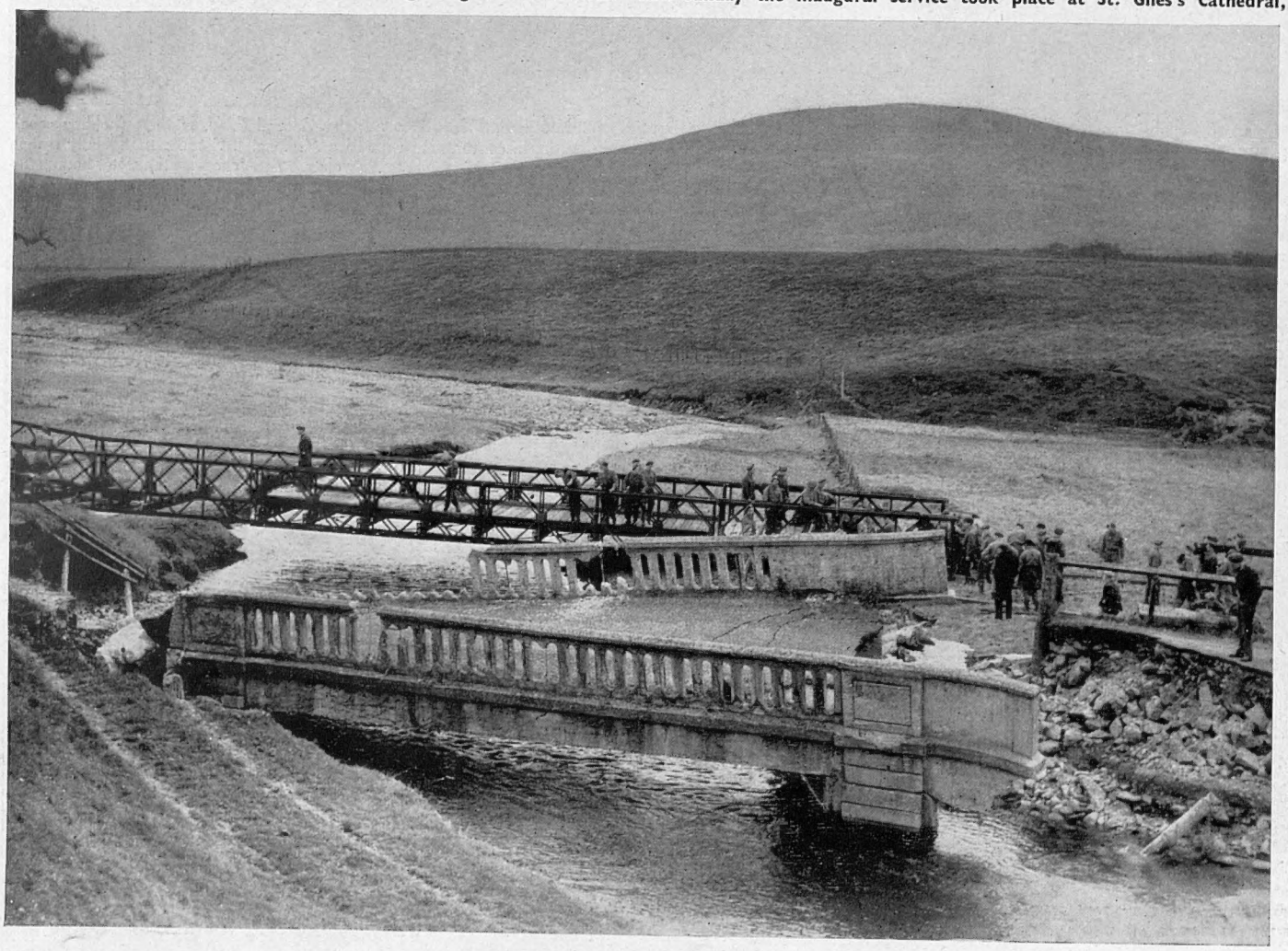
SORTING THINGS OUT ON THE POTSDAMERPLATZ : Captain R. H. Lake (on right; back to camera) of the 759th Military Police Battalion, United States Army, parleying with Russian officers on the edge of their sectors after the recent battle in which the Soviet-controlled German police had opened fire on the crowds. The Russians were at pains to explain that their forces were only there to prevent disorders

PLANNING TO ELIMINATE FURTHER MISUNDERSTANDINGS : Major-General E. O. Herbert (holding cane), the British Military Governor in Berlin, in conversation with Lieut.-Colonel J. Corbett, the Deputy British Provost Marshal, on the edge of the British sector in the Potsdamerplatz. After checking the sector boundaries with the aid of maps, Major General Herbert ordered the painting of white lines on the streets to mark the boundary between the sectors. Since that decision was taken notice-boards and scaffolding have been put up

THE STONE THROWERS : A German police officer of the Western sector with a young man he arrested for hurling stones at Soviet-controlled police of the Eastern sector Worming his way forward between the policeman and another man is a small boy with a stone in each hand

DAY AND NIGHT THE BRITISH RED CAPS STAND BY FOR DUTY : This squad of Red Caps, equipped with a jeep and a 30-cwt. lorry, is stationed in a courtyard a few yards from the Potsdamerplatz, ready to rush out and deal with any situation which may arise. The warning notice on the right is one of many now posted

PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH, LOOKS ITS GAYEST FOR THE START OF THE SECOND EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: The celebrated thoroughfare is ablaze with flowers, set up on special island sites to mark the beginning of the Festival. Last Sunday the inaugural service took place at St. Giles's Cathedral, and on Sunday evening the first concert of the Festival was given in the Usher Hall by the Amsterdam Orchestra. Advance bookings for concerts and theatrical performances during the Festival have been very good, 80 per cent. of all bookings being taken up. This year the castle flood-lighting is again taking place; there will be no battle with the Ministry of Fuel



SCOTLAND GRAVE AND GAY

Repairing the Border Flood Havoc: Edinburgh, City of Flowers

On left—**THE TOLL OF THE BORDER FLOODS:** Men of the 8th Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, engaged in building a 60-ft. Bailey Bridge over Whiteadder Water to take the place of the road bridge destroyed by the heavy floods in the border country

KIDNAPPED BRITONS IN A TEL AVIV COURT

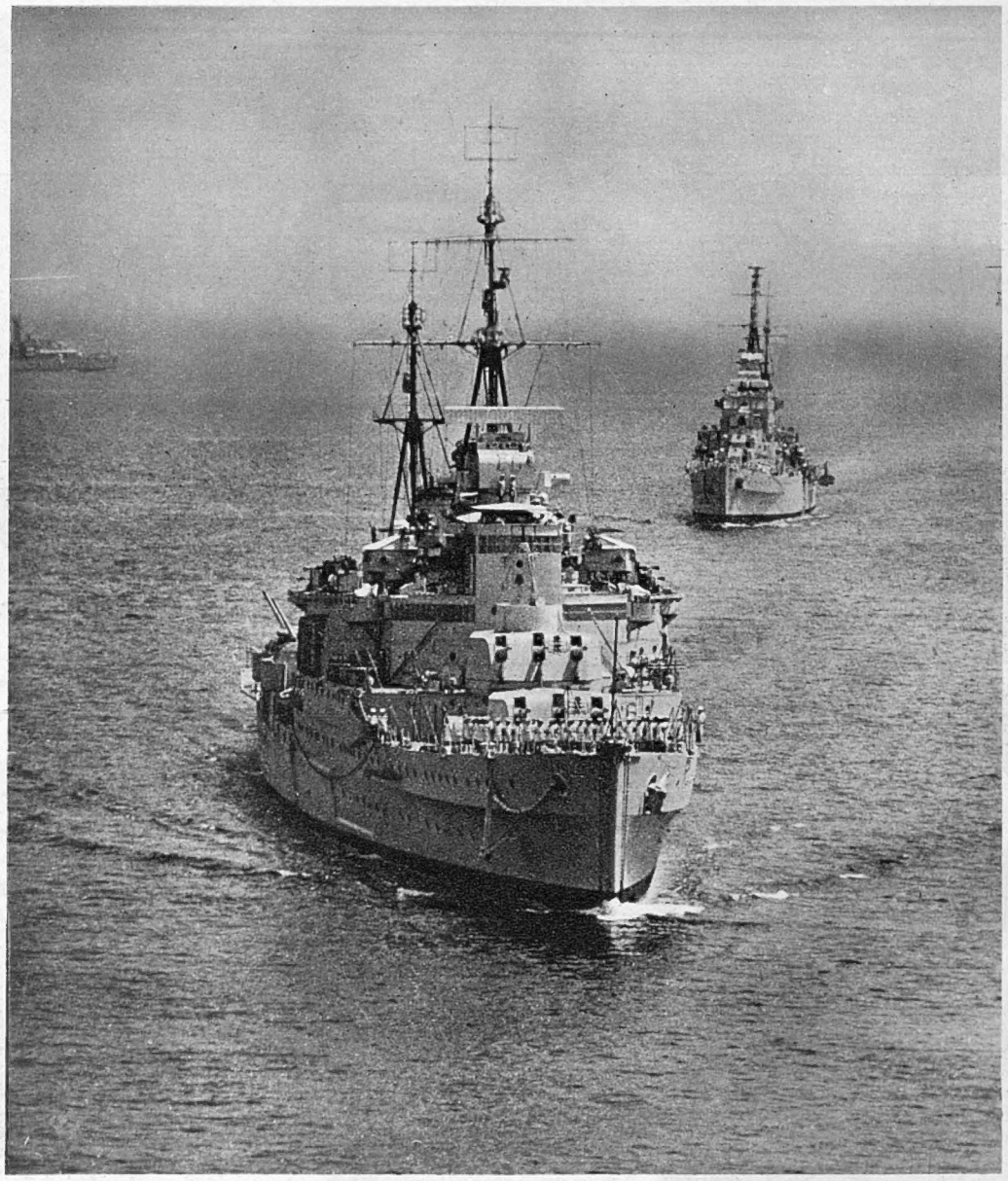
Three Released and Two Put on Remand After the Initial Hearing

FOUR OF THE FIVE ACCUSED BRITONS GUARDED BY ISRAELI POLICE IN THE COURTROOM AT TEL AVIV: Left to right—Alfred Leech who was released, William Hawkins who was remanded, Thomas Michael Bryant who was released and Frederick Sylvester who was remanded, seen in the dock as their case came up for hearing. Together with Thomas Anthony Downes (who was allowed to sit with his wife in another part of the court) the Britons were all kidnapped on July 6 by men of Irgun Zvai Leumi, and they were handed to the Israeli authorities to face charges of espionage. They are all employees of the Jerusalem Electric Corporation. At the second hearing Sylvester's alleged complicity in the Ben Yehuda Street explosion last February was the subject of evidence heard in camera

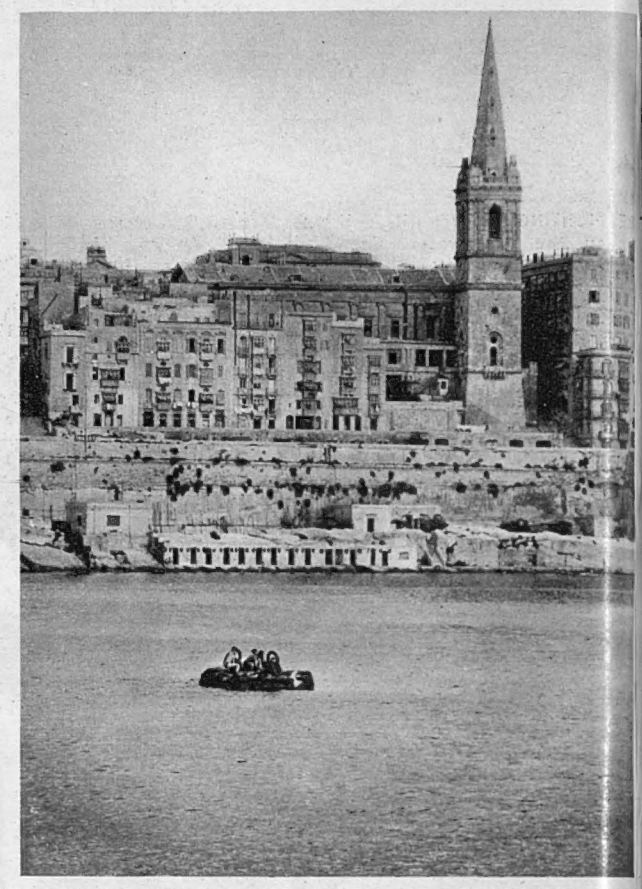
AFTER FACING CHARGES OF SPYING FOR THE ARABS—THE THREE RELEASED BRITONS WHO LEFT THE TEL AVIV COURT FOLLOWING A HEARING BEFORE MR. M. E. MALCHI, ISRAEL'S YOUNGEST JUDGE: Michael Bryant, Alfred Leech and Anthony Downes emerging from the courtroom. It was decided that there was insufficient evidence to support the charges levied against them. Mrs. Downes, who is holding her husband's arm, stands next to Julius Manheim, the attorney. On leaving the court the three men stated that they intended to return to Jerusalem to resume their work with the Jerusalem Electric Corporation

The SUMMER CRUISE of the MEDITERRANEAN FLEET

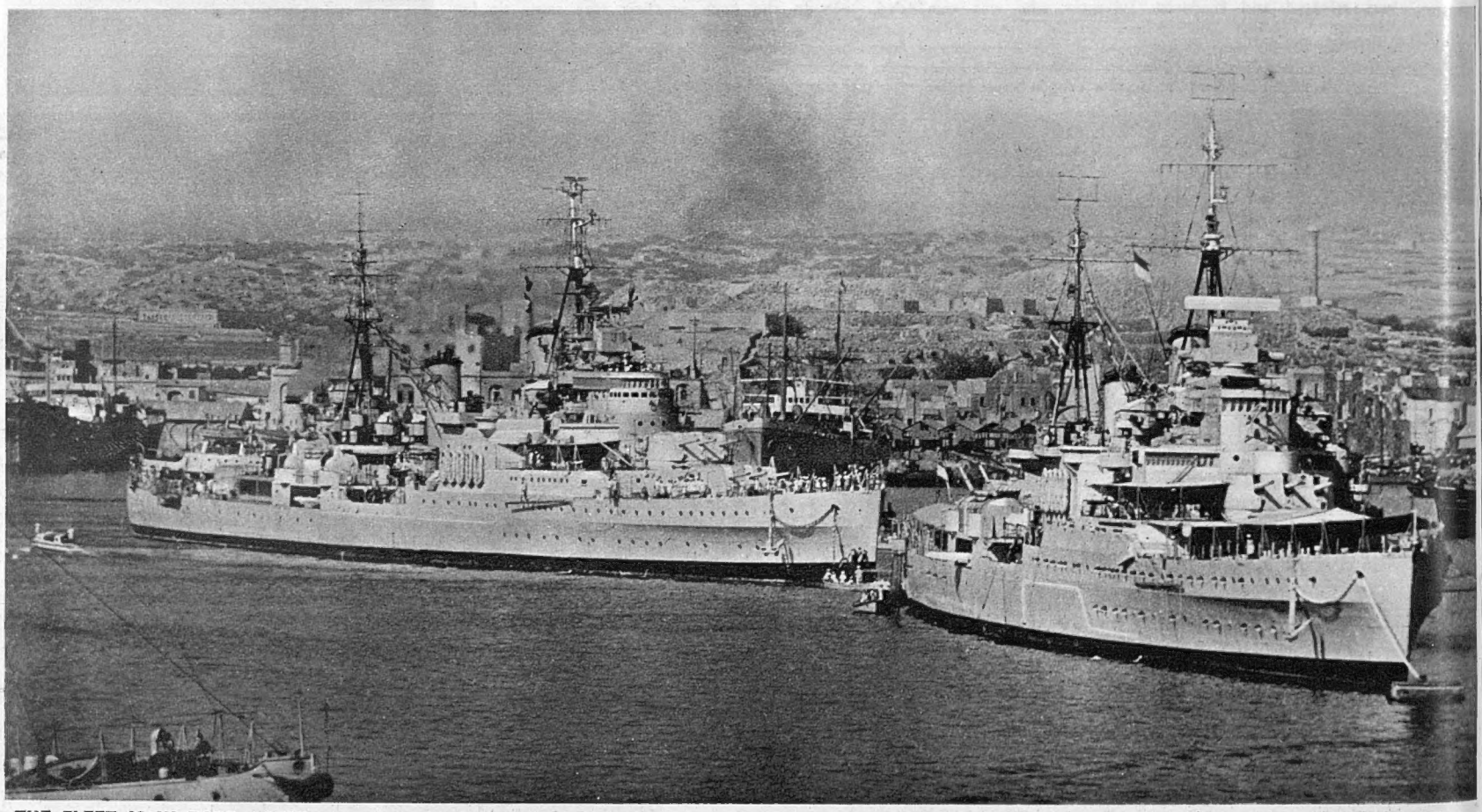
The Return to Grand Harbour, Malta, from Near Eastern Waters



H.M.S. "NEWCASTLE" LEADS THE WAY INTO GRAND HARBOUR: The Southampton-class cruiser, wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral R. V. Symonds-Tayler, commanding the 1st Cruiser Squadron, steaming towards Malta at the end of the Summer Cruise of the Mediterranean Fleet. Astern of "Newcastle" is H.M.S. "Euryalus," 5,450-ton cruiser of the Dido class. The "Newcastle," one of the five members of the Southampton class, carries her nine 6-in. guns mounted in triple turrets. It is a notable feature that the second gun in each turret is mounted farther back than the other two. Her armament also includes eight 4-in. anti-aircraft guns and 2-pdr. pompoms

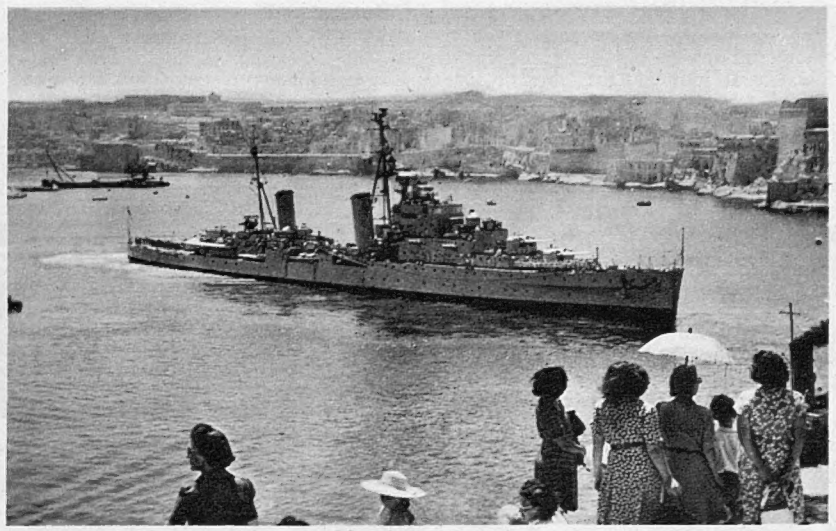


WHEN THE FLEET 'S AWAY THE BUOYS ARE USED FOR PLAY: This picture, taken in Grand Harbour, Malta, during the absence of the Mediterranean Fleet on its Summer Cruise, shows one of the buoys vacated by a British destroyer being used as a diving platform by young Maltese swimmers. In the background is the restored spire of St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, a landmark familiar to thousands of Servicemen who were in Malta during the war years, and, incidentally, a point of aim for the German and Italian bomber forces during the war

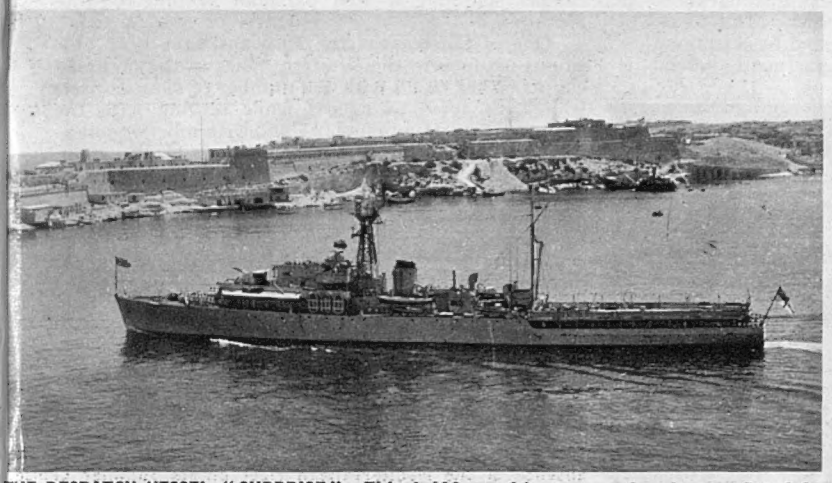


THE FLEET IS IN PORT AGAIN—THE POWERFUL SOUTHAMPTON-CLASS CRUISERS "LIVERPOOL" AND "NEWCASTLE" IN GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA, AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THE CRUISE IN EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN WATERS: H.M.S. "Liverpool," wearing the flag of Admiral Sir Arthur Power, Commander-in-Chief, British Mediterranean Fleet, did not take part in the cruise, dashing instead to Trieste, at the head of the Adriatic, where her visit coincided with the visit of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. H.M.S. "Liverpool" is a newer ship than "Newcastle," but in all main essentials they are the same. This picture shows the extent to which the massive bridge structure stretches aft. Three vessels of this class were lost during the war

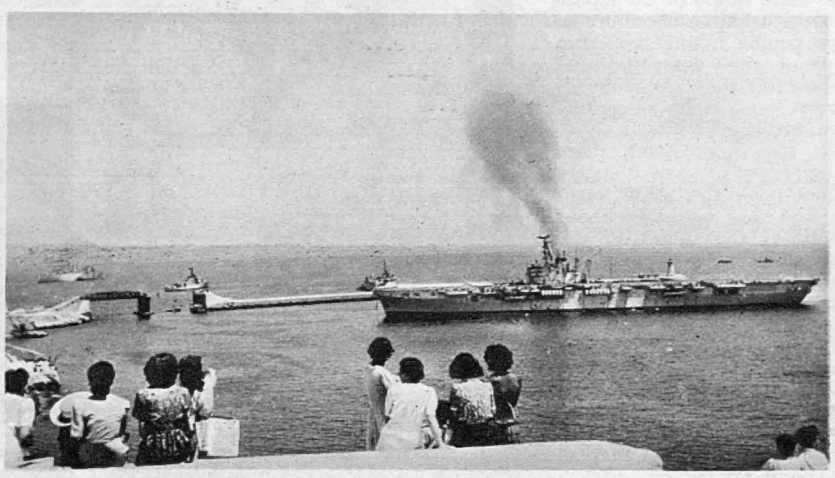
THE FIGHTING DEPOT SHIP: H.M.S. "Forth," a vessel of 8,900 tons, anchored off the breakwater, Grand Harbour, Valetta, after her return from the Summer Cruise of the Mediterranean Fleet. The "Forth" only stayed at Valetta long enough to embark naval drafts and mails, later leaving for Naples in company with the submarines "Templar," "Tantivy" and "Solent." The "Forth," built at Clydebank and completed in 1939, is particularly notable as she has the heaviest armament yet mounted in a depot ship. Her eight 4·5-in. guns are mounted in pairs, two forward, two aft, and two sponsoned on either beam. Equipment includes a foundry, coppersmith's, plumber's and carpenter's shops; heavy and light machine shops; electrical and torpedo repair shops; and plant for charging submarine batteries



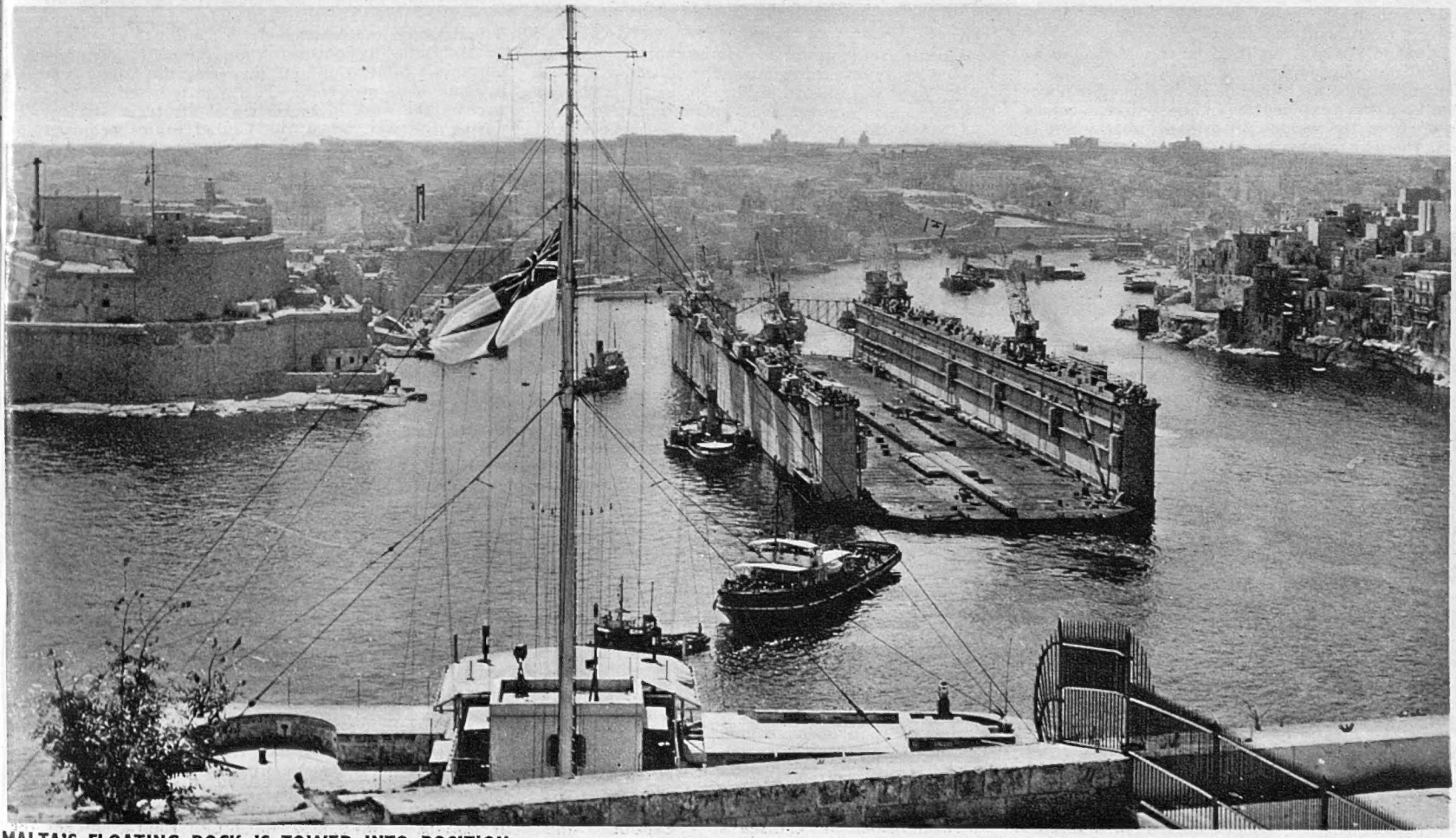
MALTA WIVES GREET THE FLEET'S RETURN: On the sun-baked quayside they watch the cruiser "Euryalus" as she steams into harbour. H.M.S. "Euryalus," which was completed during the early stages of the war, carries a peace-time complement of about 550 men. Her chief armament consists of ten 5·25-in. dual-purpose guns. Radar-controlled, these guns are capable of high-angle and low-angle fire, and should be able to put up a deadly performance against aircraft attacking at heights up to 30,000 ft. Three of her sister-ships, "Argonaut," the "Phœbe" and "Scylla," now have only eight 5·25-in. guns



THE DESPATCH VESSEL "SURPRISE": This 1,600-ton frigate type has been refitted for service as a commander-in-chief's yacht and as a conference vessel. Sometimes she is used for the conveyance of V.I.P.s. "Surprise" did not take part in the entire Summer Cruise of the Mediterranean Fleet, but was present at Argostolion, Greece, where the Fleet held its annual Regatta. The "Surprise" has a large deckhouse aft extending for a third of her length



THE "TRIUMPH" ENTERS GRAND HARBOUR STERN FIRST: Wives of British Service-men watching the big carrier come into port. Usually vessels turn within the harbour, but no risks were taken with the 13,000-ton "Triumph." Overhead a squadron of Spitfires can be seen flying. They came low over the harbour to extend a greeting to the cruisers and destroyers of the Royal Navy on their return from the cruise in Eastern Mediterranean waters



MALTA'S FLOATING DOCK IS TOWED INTO POSITION—THE 855-FT. DOCK BEING TAKEN TO ITS OPERATIONAL BERTH IN THE ST. ANGELO CREEK, GRAND HARBOUR: The dock, which was built in Bombay, was towed in three sections to the Mediterranean across 4,000 miles of ocean, through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. It will be ready to take its first ship for repair early in September. The dock, which is capable of submerging to a depth of 40 ft., will be operated in 28 ft. of water. Four heavy cranes run along the summit of the structure, enabling machinery and other equipment to be removed from vessels in for repair

BEHIND THE OPPENHEIM FAÇADE

Some Thoughts on the Question of Modern Espionage

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT used to be said that the noise made, or not made, by international espionage, was as good a barometer as any in regard to the chances of war.

States that intended breaking the peace became abnormally identified with spying, other States on the defensive reacted with spy scares, and the barometer fell and fell. The classic case was the German spying in Britain before the Kaiser's war, which necessitated the counteracting dispatch of officer agents like Bertram Stewart, Brandon and Trench, to Germany. Again, preceding 1939, there were Nazi spy scares right and left.

Are we to assume from this that the espionage explosion in Washington, and its counter-blast from Moscow—Miss Bentley and Lieutenant Dreher (not to mention defenestrated or window-hopping Mrs. Kosenkina)—must we take it that this big noise means the same as it formerly did? A drawing closer to war?

I should hazard probably not, and for the reason that international spying, so-called, has broadened its base to such an extent as to be almost unrecognisable by the old standards.

Kipling used to sing of the "battalions" of spies which followed "The Standard of Yellow." He was seeing big and possibly, also, chose a debatable colour. But to-day he could have written "legions," while there would be no debate as to the colour. There are so many people acting as secret agents of some description, or who imagine they are so doing, that spy news is no longer the barometer it once was.

On the other hand, there is a tendency in some quarters to pooh-pooh the whole business, and that would be about as silly as the silliest of spy plots which the ridiculers instance as proof of human gullibility. They might be better engaged in pondering that no begetter of spy books (I have written two or three myself) ever thought up a more far-fetched plot than that contained in the Royal Commission's report on the Canadian atom bomb affair.

Making due allowance for Mr. Truman's cry of "red herring" at the assaulting-by-every-means Republicans, the general picture resulting from the neurotic Pearl Bentley's *mea culpa* before a Congressional Committee, bears too striking a resemblance to what was bared in Ottawa, for it to be chuckled over as "Oppenheim, pure Oppenheim."

There may be an Oppenheim façade—like Vice-Consul Lomakin's explanation of how a woman comes to jump from the window of a house in which it is her one thought to remain. But the alleged espionage system in wartime Washington is described as being operated in the same way, recruited from the same kind of persons, exploiting the same sort of half-understood emotions and loyalties, concealing itself in the same shadows of evasion, conspiracy and misrepresentation, as was the case in Canada.

These new ideological spy-rings are something that other people have not yet learnt how to deal with. Wherever they are, their abiding target is, of course, atomic progress, and their chiefs rely for results in the main on technicians and civil servants. The development of guided missiles, radar counter devices, time-table expansion of the armed forces, and their transportation in given directions, are other top-level targets.

Such a meeting as that between the United States and Canada "to discuss all defence angles," is the most powerful scent imaginable, and I see nothing exaggerated in the notion that members of the United Nations Secretariat should desire to follow it up.

Let us consider some of the new types of agents that are floating about. Here are some with a vengeance—at Lake Success. The figure of 300 suggested by a junior U.S. State Department official is nonsensical, yet it would be nothing short of a miracle if some of Trygve Lie's hurriedly collected, outsize family were not agents in the service of a foreign Power.

UNO is the very place where files collect, and hush-hush talk circulates. We need to remember that such places are now looked upon as battlefields by one side—so what more normal than that they should have their spies? Even as "un-Americans" are alleged to have formed a "top-level underground" at Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco and Yalta?

The spate of international congresses and conferences in Europe is a gift for "fellow travellers" who might not otherwise be able to leave their countries. Needless to say, the "fellow-traveller" is particularly well suited to be an agent, having doors open to him which are closed to the declared Communist.

Information given by such people is not looked upon by them as nationally secret, which only makes matters more serious. They reason that they are nourishing their crusade, which others call a conspiracy.

Journalists attend most diplomatic and kindred occasions and are being more closely scrutinised than ever before, especially by the Russians, who may have cause to value them highly as agents. At all events, here we go:

"Imperialism has created a new type of journalist who combines the functions of a reporter with those of a spy. . . . The demands made that these correspondents be given unlimited freedom, complete lack of all control over their activities, and virtual diplomatic immunity, is, in fact, equal to a demand that they be given complete freedom to spy."

Which accounts for a foreign correspondent being allowed to roam beyond sight of the Kremlin only on rare occasions, and for his being followed up, after he has been hand-picked in the first place. In parenthesis, I think the most loaded statement made to a foreigner in Russia, was that repeated several times over to John Steinbeck: "Stalin has told us that you will not use the atom bomb and we believe him." That may account for *quite* a lot; and also for no more Steinbecks cruising beyond sight of the Kremlin.

The Russians have so closed their country to possible prying eyes that even the biggest Powers now have no more consuls outside the capital. If others were to cut down Russian consulates in proportion, it would tend to reduce Soviet-inspired espionage. If others were to remove their Service attachés from Moscow and request corresponding action by the Soviet, it would be a calamity for Russia which maintains no fewer than a dozen Service attachés in the United Kingdom.

Soviet attachés are allowed to corculate freely here and could even photograph the ducks in St. James's Park if they so desired. But what happens to a Moscow immobilised foreign attaché who is caught snapping a Red oarsman sculling on the Moskowa?

One of the reasons the Russians have been able to out-manœuvre the Western Allies in the occupied countries has to do with the number of sympathisers who have acted as agents while serving with the various Control Commissions, and with relief organisations like Unrra—and there are many more opportunities now that Unrra has gone.

A trifle late in the day, the British are making a show of removing "fellow travellers" suspected of facilitating leakages. The French tried a purge earlier in the year. It is the Americans who could do with one most, and there is no use in pretending not to know where the suspects more often than not owe allegiance: to Israel. The exact position of Israel *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union has yet to be revealed.

It is admitted by those who have cause to know, that Russia has notched up a huge secrecy gain in the form of the Iron Curtain. Besides keeping us from contaminating those on the other side, it keeps us in rather a hazy state regarding what Russia is capable of, *i.e.*, may be contemplating doing.

There appear to be two ways of making up some of the leeway.

The Americans have already embarked in a small way on one of these paths, and should Mr. John Foster Dulles be the next Secretary of State, as seems more than probable, the pace and scope are likely to be quickened and broadened.

Mr. Dulles has outlined a programme for countering Soviet infiltration and answering the Cominform in some of its own coin. This plan is based in large part on the work of the Office of Strategic Services during the war, when the United States acquired personnel, machinery and skill for just such a task as is now contemplated.

It would involve espionage and counter-espionage, propaganda of a new kind, pulling no punches on the air and calling a Red a Red, and aid to groups fighting Communist control—not forgetting those in nations which have formally surrendered to such control.

One might say that the "cold war" is going underground on the West's side, as it long has been on the Russian, and that its out-of-sight ramifications will grow if, and as long as, the Russians persist in their present course.

This counter-attack is considered to be a necessity in order to allow Marshall Aid to get under way and run its full four-years course.

The second and less difficult way of reducing the secrecy lead which the Russians have scored, and which could decide the outcome of the opposing espionage and dependent operations, is for the Western nations to take the good old bull by the horns and refuse to allow their leading Communist and near-Communist officials and contacts out of their countries of domicile.

One makes war on a spy's communications more than on himself.

THE MAN WHO COULD "CRACK THE SPY RING WIDE OPEN": Thus Karl Mundt, of the House Sub-Committee, described Alexander Koral, whose picture appears on the right. On the left, his wife is seen protesting to a New York traffic policeman that newspaper men are bothering her. She demanded police protection. Koral, a New York City school-board engineer for twenty years, refused to answer any questions which were addressed to him by the House Committee on un-American Activities on the grounds that he might incriminate himself

LUDWIG ULLMAN: The ex-Army Air Force major whom Elizabeth Bentley accused with George Silverman of supplying her with data concerning the B 29 bomber and other new types of aircraft, and details of the war-theatre destinations of planes. Both Ullman and Silverman were employed at Air Force headquarters. It was also alleged that Ullman acted as chief photographer for the spy-ring, during the war. He denied that he had photographed or had furnished confidential documents to anyone

AN ALLEGED AMERICAN SPY IN MOSCOW: United States Navy Lieutenant Robert Dreher, a former assistant Naval Attaché in Moscow, has been accused by Soviet press and radio of serving as an American spy. The incident dates back to last April, when Mr. Vyshinsky demanded his immediate withdrawal. Lieutenant Dreher was due to finish his two years' tour of duty on April 16, and the United States Ambassador had promised to expedite his departure. He was accused of receiving information from a Soviet Customs official, but a State Department spokesman has stated that Dreher went to the Customs House on the request of the official, and the presence there of N.V.D. agents suggested that the interview had been "arranged" by the Soviet

THE CASE OF THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL-TEACHERS

The story of Mrs. Kosenkina is a complicated one, but the reported facts are that, when the Soviet school in New York was closed, she was to have returned to Russia. Learning that her husband had been "liquidated," she sought refuge at Countess Tolstoy's Reed Farm. From there, she was taken forcibly to the Russian Consulate-General in New York. The Consul-General called a Press conference at which she stated that she had been drugged and taken to Reed Farm, without knowing what she was doing. She had got in touch with the Consulate by a letter, said to have been smuggled out. A few days later, however, she threw herself from her third-floor room and was taken to an American hospital by police. There she stated that she had been kept prisoner in the Consulate. At the time of writing her condition was stated to be critical

OKSANA STEPANOVA KOSENKINA : The teacher at the Soviet school in New York sought refuge at Countess Tolstoy's farm. From there she was taken to the Soviet Consulate by Lomakin, the Consul-General. A few days later she jumped from a third-floor window. She was rescued by New York police, who took her to the Roosevelt Hospital. Russian demands for her release were refused and a strong police guard was maintained. She will have to remain in hospital for about three months

MIKHAIL IVANOVITCH SAMARIN : A mathematics teacher at the Soviet school, he and his wife, another teacher, went to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and asked for protection. This was followed by a demand for their and Mrs. Kosenkina's return to the Russian authorities by the Soviet Ambassador in New York, Mr. Panyushkin, and later by a note from Mr. Molotov to Mr. Bedell Smith in Moscow

THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, MR. PANYUSHKIN : His demand for the return of Samarin was rejected on the grounds that it was based on conflicting information in the Press. Later, he protested against the writ of habeas corpus on the Soviet Consul-General which had directed him to produce Mrs. Kosenkina, who was then in the Consulate-General

THE FLAG IS LOWERED AT SUNSET : A picture taken at Reed Farm, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy's 70-acre estate, near Nyack, N.Y. Inset above, left, is Countess Tolstoy, youngest daughter of the celebrated author of *War and Peace*. Reed Farm is run as an asylum for exiled White Russians, and it was here that the dramatic events occurred when the Soviet Consul-General took Mrs. Kosenkina to the Consulate-General in New York. She had gone there on the recommendation of the editor of a New York newspaper, to whom she had gone for help at the end of July, when she was to have returned to Russia

THE SOVIET VICE-CONSUL, MR. CHEPURNYK : He is seen talking to Press reporters after he was refused permission to see Mrs. Kosenkina in the Roosevelt Hospital. Turned away several times, he was finally allowed to see her. But she rejected his offer to be moved to another hospital under the care of a Russian nurse

WINGS OVER THE TEMPELHOF: A view of the central airport, Berlin, and of the United States sector of the city from one of the American supply planes engaged in the non-stop air-lift. To meet the needs of the air-lift, a third runway has lately been added to the Tempelhof, a steel-plated surface being laid over rubble taken from the bombed buildings

BERLIN AND COLOGNE

Contrasts from Eastern and Western Germany

Berlin has been a hopelessly divided city during the days of the air-lift, its citizens viewing the winter with alarm in view of the rift among the Allies, and most of them deeply uncertain as to where their best interests lie. In the western sectors they have watched the air-lift with admiration, and, when called upon to help, have worked with a will, both in the construction of the new runway at the Tempelhof and in the levelling of the new airfield in the French sector. By contrast, conditions in Cologne are very different, and the great Christian festival, depicted on the next page, symbolises the unity of the people of the Catholic Rhineland on the occasion of the seventh centenary of their famed Cathedral. Seven Cardinals, including an envoy from the Holy See, attended the celebrations in Cologne, among them Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, and the Archbishop of Armagh. The return of the sacred Cathedral relics was made the occasion for an elaborate religious procession and much colourful ceremonial

A SKYMASTER CRASHES AT TEMPELHOF AIRFIELD: Looking across to the edge of the airfield where dense clouds of black smoke issued from the burning C-54, which burst into flames after landing too far along the runway. The Skymaster, which was being guided in by radar, was destroyed, but the crew got clear

THE RUSSIANS REMOVE THEIR BELONGINGS FROM THE ALLIED KOMMANDATURA: A janitor taking from the walls a portrait of Generalissimo Stalin, which hung behind the desk of General Kotikov, the Soviet Commandant in Berlin, in the Kommandatura building. Several weeks ago the Russians gave notice that they would no longer take part in the Four-Power rule of the city, at once removing their flag and the main gate guards. Senior officers also moved out at once, but some of the clerical staff remained behind

WOMEN WORKERS HELP IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW AIRFIELD IN THE FRENCH ZONE OF BERLIN: They are laying down light-railway equipment preparatory to levelling operations on this former shooting range. The new field, which is being constructed under supervision of engineers of the United States Army, should be completed before winter, and will help to increase the Allied air-lift to 16,000 tons daily

CARDINALS MEET: The Papal Legate (Cardinal Bishop Micara), escorted by Signor Giuseppe Pacelli, the nephew of His Holiness the Pope, seen with Cardinal Frings (right), Archbishop of Cologne, walking in the procession after the ceremony at Cologne on the Cathedral's 700th anniversary

THE PAPAL LEGATE CELEBRATES PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS—THE CEREMONY BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR IN COLOGNE CATHEDRAL ON THE OCCASION OF THE CATHEDRAL'S 700TH ANNIVERSARY: Seven Cardinals took part in the service, and there were present no fewer than thirty bishops from Germany and other parts of the Continent. At the moment only the chancel and transept of Cologne Cathedral have been restored

Saving the city of Munster, and there has been no more pitiful tragedy in the history of modern warfare than the plight of that Westphalian capital, Cologne was the greatest sufferer of any German city during the Second World War. Somehow or other its mighty Cathedral resisted 14 high-explosive bombs, 19 shells, and the detonations which wrecked the neighbouring Hohenzollern bridge. It did not survive intact by any means, but the twin towers still rise impressively above the Rhine. Now, after a lapse of five years, the Cathedral has been opened again to public worship, its chancel and nave restored, the opening coinciding with the 700th anniversary of the Cathedral's foundation. The gathering for this solemn reopening could not have been more impressive. Particularly spectacular was the religious procession through the beflagged streets of Cologne to the Cathedral door. In this procession were carried sacred relics which have reposed in Cologne since the Middle Ages, but which were removed from the city to a place of safety during the war

THE PROCESSION PASSES THROUGH THE WAR-TORN STREETS OF COLOGNE: While all the bells of the Rhineland were ringing, the Cardinals, Bishops and Priests who had gathered in Cologne for the 700th anniversary celebrations walked through a vast lane of citizens to the celebration of High Mass. The Papal and Rhenish banners carried at the head of the procession added a touch of bright colour

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL ON ITS 700TH ANNIVERSARY—THE VAST CROWD WITHOUT AND THE CONGREGATION OF 6,000 WITHIN: *Left*—This was the crowning moment of the day, when the Papal Legate came to the steps after High Mass and from this portal gave his blessing to the people. *Right*—Looking from the nave into the chancel during the service. This part of Cologne Cathedral appears to be intact, but actually years of work will be required before the building is restored

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

On left—

The discovery of the wreckage of the American plane which was lost en route from Frankfurt to Pisa last November led at once to the organisation of an expedition from the town of Cuneo, Piedmont. High up among the rocky pinnacles the Italian Alpine troops came across the wreckage and the frozen bodies of the victims. The engines were found wrenched adrift, and no large part of the fuselage was intact. Then began the grim task of preparing the frozen bodies of the victims for transport on mule back down the mountainside to Cuneo, where identification will take place. On the second day of operations five bodies were brought down from the 9,000 ft. level

WHERE TWENTY-TWO PEOPLE MET THEIR DEATHS AMID ALPINE HEIGHTS: Italian troops searching the wreckage of the American aircraft which crashed eight months ago while searching for a landing field en route from Frankfurt to Pisa. The wreckage has only lately been found

THE VICTIMS OF THE AMERICAN AIR CRASH WERE BROUGHT FROM THE MOUNTAIN ON MULE BACK: Ropes being secured on one of the mules before the start of the descent to the town of Cuneo, in Piedmont, near the Franco-Italian frontier

THESE ARE THE FLYING SAUCERS OF ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY—A NINE-DAYS WONDER ENDS IN A SIMPLE EXPLANATION: During August, pilots of the United States Army Air Force reported that, when flying over Asbury Park, New Jersey, at a height of 11,000 ft., they encountered glowing white objects drifting through space and which they could not, for some reason, get near. This at once started up the year-old story of the mysterious flying saucers, but the Navy Ordnance Laboratory at Princeton University soon scotched these silly stories by issuing this photograph in explanation. The picture shows neutron balloons which are released on a 350-ft. string (in nine clusters of three balloons each), with a pilot balloon on top and a radio transmitter carried in the gondola below it. They are used to check the intensity of neutrons on the earth, and can attain a height of 63,000 ft. The publication of the picture at once spoilt the American Press's cherished silly-season headline

LADY TEDDER PAYS A VISIT TO "R.A.F. NEWCASTLE": The wife of Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Chief of the Air Staff, taking a cup of tea with R.A.F. officers engaged in the Berlin air-lift at Gatow Airport. Lady Tedder had just inspected the tent which constitutes the Malcolm Club. It lies in the section of Gatow known as "R.A.F. Newcastle," as it is there that the aerial coal convoys are dealt with on arrival. She also inspected messing and recreation facilities for air and ground crews. During the war Lady Tedder inaugurated the Malcolm Club in North Africa, a great boon to the R.A.F. in the arduous desert campaign

THE VATICAN HOLDS ITS FIRST PRESS CONFERENCE TO TELL THE WORLD ABOUT THE HOLY YEAR OF 1950 : Monsignor Sergio Pignedolli, representative of the Papal Secretary of State, telling members of the Press about some of the elaborate arrangements which the Vatican is making for 1950. "The Holy Year, will bring to Rome," he declared, "no fewer than two million pilgrims"

SOCIAL CELEBRITIES, FASHION WRITERS, AND BUYERS THRONG THE PARIS AUTUMN COLLECTIONS : An evening gown in heavy white satin being paraded for inspection at the salon of Jean Desses. The model carries the ermine cape which goes with the gown. There are no basic changes this year. The "New Look" is still the style, but increased material and labour costs, not to mention higher taxes, have not made things easy either for the designers or their customers. The talk of Paris in these Autumn Collections has been Schiaparelli's jungle-inspired dinner dresses, Maggy Rouff's deep-cut neck lines, and some of the new shades such as "cigar brown," "seaweed rose," and "shrimp pink." Christian Dior, most sensational of all the designers, introduces what he chooses to call the "Cyclone Look"

PREMIERS MEET IN ULSTER, AND THE WORLD IS LEFT TO CONJECTURE : Mr. Attlee, who has been spending his summer holiday in Eire, and who preceded it by visiting Dublin to sign the treaty with Mr. Costello's Government, also took time off from holidaymaking to visit Sir Basil Brooke, the Premier of Northern Ireland. They are seen together in this picture at Colebrook, Sir Basil's residence in County Fermanagh. No statement was issued after the meeting, but it possibly tended to confirm the opinions of those who favour a united Ireland that discussions have been going on with a view to bringing about a merger of the Six Counties with their neighbours in the south

THE SORT OF THING THAT THE KU KLUX KLAN IS FIGHTING AGAINST AND PRESIDENT TRUMAN WOULD LIKE TO SEE THROUGHOUT THE DIXIE STATES : Negroes lining up to receive ballot papers outside a polling station in Columbia, South Carolina, where they recently took part in a Primary election. This is the first time since 1876, the era of the Yankee "carpet-baggers," that members of their race have participated in a Democratic Primary in this State. They have secured the franchise through a recent decision of the Federal Court

RED STAR OVER DANUBIA : Andrei Vishinsky, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister and chief Soviet delegate at the Danube Navigation Conference in Belgrade, in consultation with the Rumanian Foreign Minister Anna Pauker (left), and the Czech Foreign Minister, Vladimir Clementis (right), in the salon of the Conference Hall. Throughout, the Conference was Soviet-dominated, and the Soviet Draft, which Britain has strenuously opposed, writes off all the property and obligations of the Old Danube Commission. Sir Charles Peake, whose verbal duels with Vishinsky were a feature of the Conference, declared that those who might sign conventions had no power whatsoever to sign away the rights of other nations

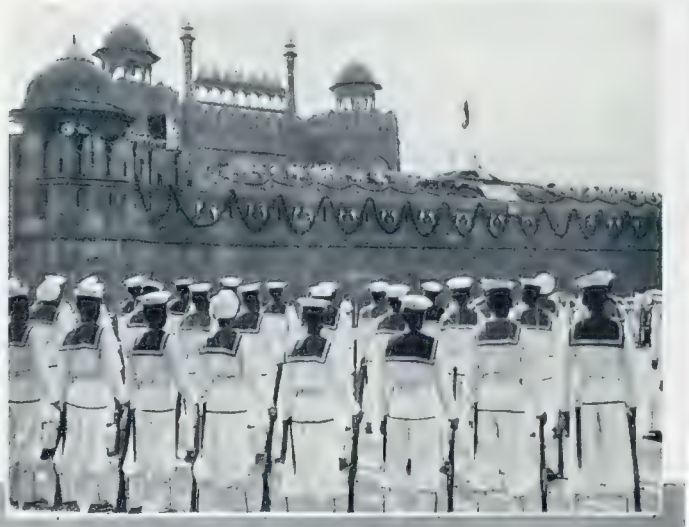
THE MAN WHO WILL SUCCEED MR. MACKENZIE KING AS CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER : Mr. Louis St. Laurent, the Dominion's sixty-six-year-old Minister of External Affairs, reading a story to his grandchildren Marie (left) and Francine. Mr. St. Laurent became the elected head of the Canadian Liberal Party on Mr. King's retirement, and as such, steps into the Premiership at the same time. Mr. St. Laurent was a leading Quebec lawyer, but a political novice when he was picked by Mr. King in 1941 as his Minister of Justice. His dignity, sincerity, and all-round ability soon won him a national reputation as a statesman. His father was a French Canadian, and his mother was of Irish descent

INDIA CELEBRATES A YEAR OF INDEPENDENCE

Pandit Nehru and Mr. Rajagopalachari Address Vast Gatherings at Delhi

Throughout India and Pakistan the first anniversary of Dominion status and independence was celebrated with due fervour and amid stirring scenes. From both Dominions came conciliatory speeches, although the Indian attitude was probably more tolerant than that of Pakistan. Mr. Nehru's speech from the Red Fort, an exhortation to work, urged also upon his countrymen Gandhi's lifelong policy of non-violence. "I want to say to all the nations of the world, including our neighbour, that we stand in peace and friendship with them," declared Premier Nehru. The ceremonies at the Red Fort were deeply impressive, and as Mr. Nehru stood silhouetted upon the battlements he received a great ovation from the tens of thousands of Delhi citizens, who have learnt to regard him as Gandhi's heir and to admire in his year of office his efforts on behalf of the people

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL SPEAKS TO A MIGHTY CONCOURSE OF MUSLIMS : Mr. Rajagopalachari addressing his hearers from the Jami Masjid Mosque, Delhi, on the eve of the anniversary of the Dominion



PREMIER NEHRU SPEAKS FROM THE RED FORT AT DELHI : The head of the administration standing on a dais high above the multitude delivering his address on the anniversary morning. Behind him stands his Defence Minister, Baldev Singh, and beneath him in large letters are the words "Jai Hind" and a portrait of Nehru and Gandhi together. *Inset on right*—The guard of honour of the Indian Navy drawn up in front of the Fort

THEY CAME IN THEIR TENS OF THOUSANDS TO HEAR PREMIER NEHRU'S INDEPENDENCE DAY SPEECH : A view looking down from the Red Fort at Delhi on the throng which heard the Premier deliver a homily on the needs of the new Dominion. He emphasised the nation's need to work harder in an effort to increase production and raise the standards of living, and also the necessity for moral regeneration to stamp out the evils of black marketing and exploitation of "the under-dog." The big moment of the day was the hoisting of the national tricolour above the battlements of the Red Fort

A U.S. ARMY C-74 PUTS IN AT GATOW—THE GIANT DOUGLAS GLOBEMASTER SEEN ON ARRIVAL IN BERLIN WITH A BIG CARGO OF FLOUR : The machine is the largest so far used in the "Air Lift," and is very nearly comparable in size to the massive Lockheed Constitution. There are fourteen of these Globemasters in the U.S. Army Air Force. Just under the raised doorway can be seen one of the cranes used for loading and unloading the Globemaster's 22-ton cargo

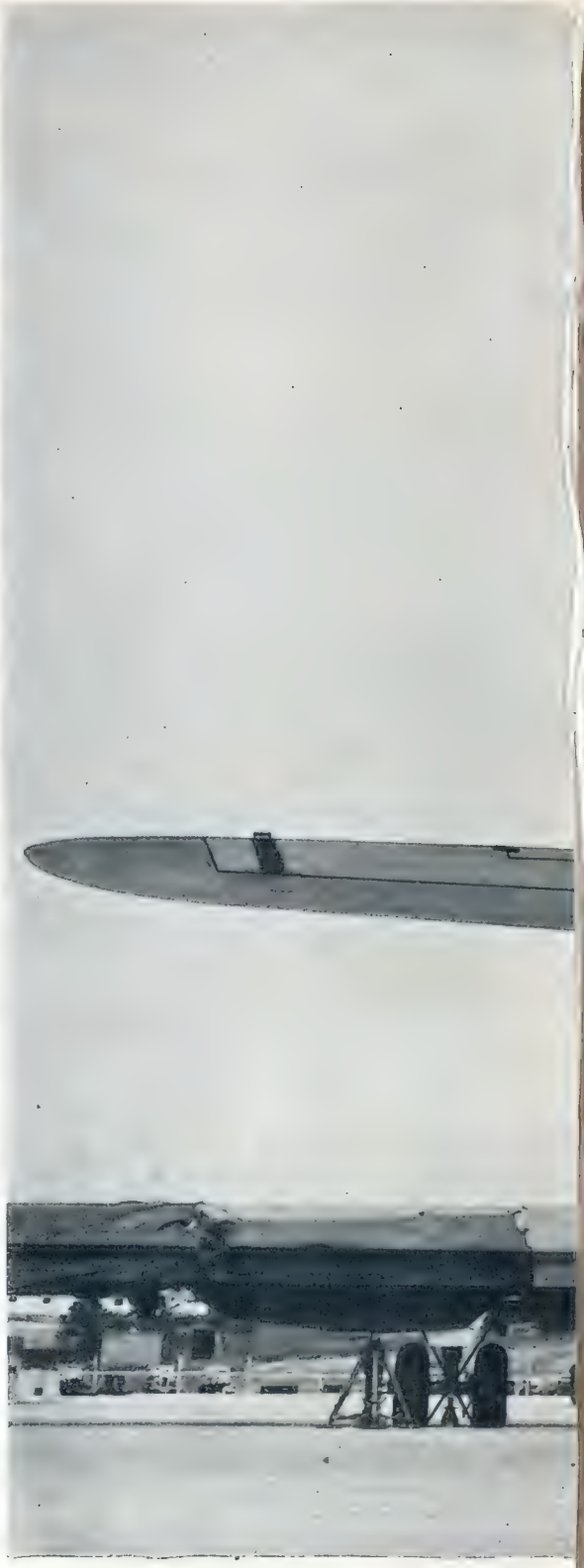
A 22-TON FREIGHTER FOR BERLIN'S "AIR-LIFT"

The First of the Globemasters Arrives at Gatow Airport

Although General Clay announced from the outset of the "Air Lift" that it would be quite impossible from an expense and organisation point of view to envisage a long-term programme for Berlin's supply, the lift has none the less developed along those lines, and at the time of writing the daily total of 5,000 tons of supplies being brought into Berlin is in process of being raised towards a target of 16,000 tons. To help in this work, the United States Army Air Force has introduced the Globemaster, a Douglas Transport (known in the Army as the C 74) which is capable of carrying 22 tons of freight at one time. The first of the Globemasters to reach Berlin touched down at Gatow Airport with a cargo of flour 1 hr. 10 mins. after leaving Frankfurt-on-Main. The Globemaster, which ranks third among the American transports in size, is to be supplied in some numbers to the United States Army Air Force, but it would appear that the civil version is not wholly acceptable. An order for twenty-six civil Globemasters, placed during 1945 by Pan-American, was subsequently cancelled

THE PASSENGER COMPARTMENT OF THE BRABAZON I IS 143 FT. LONG: An interior view of the mighty air-liner, which will be able to take between 70 and 100 passengers in bunks, flying above the weather at a speed of 250 m.p.h. non-stop from London to New York. Brabazon aircraft (but not the prototype) are likely to be in service on B.O.A.C.'s North Atlantic route by 1951 or 1952. More than 150 fitters and engineers are now engaged in preparing the Brabazon for her maiden flight

THE "QUEEN MARY" OF THE SKIES—A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE COLOSSUS AS SHE WAS TOWED BY TRACTOR ON TO THE RUNWAY AT FILTON: Since last year, when the Brabazon was named by Air Marshal Sir Alec Coryton, she has been under assembly in the vast hangar specially built for her. This hangar, of nearly eight acres, adjoins the 3,000-yard runway, also specially built for the prototype



The GIANT BRABAZON and the LITTLE PRINCE

Two New and Vitally Important Air Liners Make Their Bow

The Brabazon I, ranking with the Convair XC 99 as the world's largest aircraft, and the Percival Prince, a miniature feeder-line aircraft for linking up with the main trunk routes, are both in the aviation news at the moment. The Brabazon I, with a wing span of 230 ft., is to be used as an experimental aircraft for the development of Brabazon II, now on the stocks at Filton, and it is expected that she will make her maiden flight in November. The Brabazon I is powered by eight Bristol Centaurus engines coupled in pairs and giving a speed of about 250 m.p.h., while her successor will be driven by Bristol Proteus prop-jet units giving a speed of 350 m.p.h. Costs have been enormous, and before she is finished at least £6,000,000 will have been spent on the Brabazon I. When she crosses the Atlantic technicians will take note of every phase of her performance, and upon the lessons learnt will depend the modifications in Brabazon II, the gas-turbine edition.

The introduction of the Prince miniature air-liner is the first real answer since the war to the problem of feeder-line services requiring a small air-liner conforming to modern standards of safety, comfort and operating efficiency.

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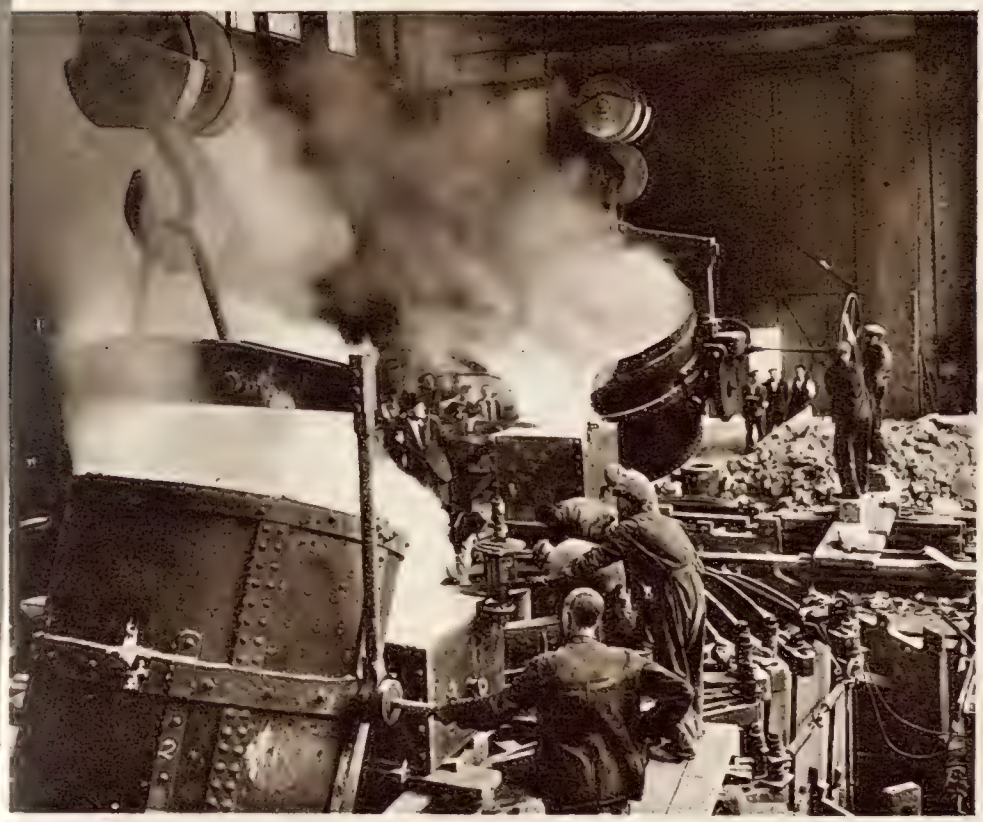
GUESTS OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT BALMORAL: The Marquess of Blandford and his sister, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, at Aberdeen Station during their trip northward to Deeside. The Marquess, who is the eldest son of the tenth Duke of Marlborough, was born in April 1926, and was educated at Eton. His youngest sister, Lady Rosemary, is nineteen

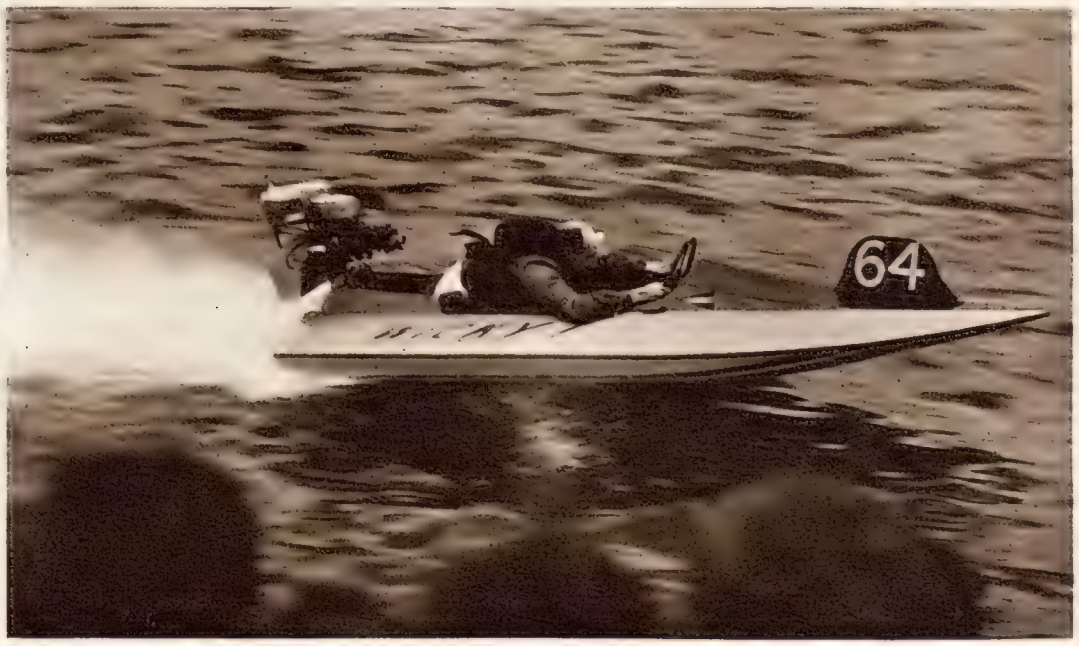
A DETACHMENT OF ROYAL MARINES EMBARKS UPON H.M.S. "VANGUARD": The 200 Marines, who will accompany the Royal Family on their visit in 1949 to Australia and New Zealand, arriving at Devonport before taking up their quarters in the battleship. H.M.S. "Vanguard" is Britain's latest capital ship



THE "QUEEN MARY'S" NEW PROPELLER—LIQUID MANGANESE BRONZE IS POURED INTO THE MOULD: Work in progress at the Charlton factory of Messrs. Stone and Company, where the casting is being carried out of a screw for the Cunard White Star liner. The casting weight of the propeller is 51 tons, and the finished weight 35 tons. Manganese bronze at a temperature of 1,000 deg. C. is poured into a mould of concrete and sand from two ladles, one of 27 tons capacity

HERE THEY MAKE TOY SOLDIERS THAT WILL NOT BREAK: Work in progress at the factory at Blandford, Dorset, where three London engineers, who found themselves working together in the same plant during the war years, have formed a company to make metal toys out of a new unbreakable alloy. In less than eighteen months the business has grown to such proportions that they now employ no fewer than fifty men and they are exporting their metal soldiers, animal figures and a host of other toys to nearly every country in the world. One of the company's main troubles is the labour shortage in Blandford

THE HARVEST OF THE HIGHWAY: A binder at work near Bignall's Corner, South Mimms, about a dozen miles from Central London, where 8 acres of roadside flanking the Barnet by-pass have yielded excellent crops of wheat and barley



THE ACME OF CONCENTRATION: An outboard champion in action: Alan Darby winning the British Championship for Outboards for the second year in succession on Oulton Broad, Suffolk. For three heats, totalling twenty-four exhausting miles, he thrilled watchers by his fine handling of his craft "Wicky I"

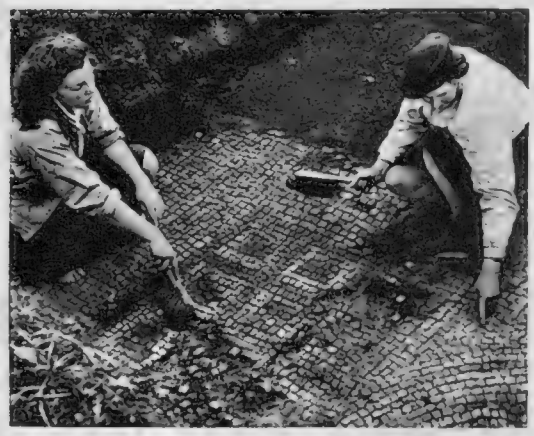
DELVING FOR ROMAN BRITAIN

In London Streets and a Gloucestershire Village

The war did much to provide archæologists with golden opportunities, and on London's blitzed sites the search still goes on for remains of the Roman London about which we know so little. At present, work seems to be concentrated round the area of St. Paul's, but up to date no spectacular finds have been made. On the London-Gloucester road at Whittington, a fourth-century villa is in process of being unearthed, numerous volunteers helping the expert archæologists in the task

THE EXCAVATIONS AT WHITTINGTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE: A general view of the site near the London-Gloucester road, where a Roman villa is in process of being uncovered. The work is taking place under the direction of Mrs. H. E. O'Neil, F.S.A. The villa was built during the fourth century, and it is already evident that it belonged to a wealthy Roman family

SEEKING TO DELINEATE OLD LONDON WHILE THE UNIQUE CHANCE STILL OFFERS: Members of the British Archæological Society at work at the eastern end of St. Paul's, where a thorough examination of the ground is being made before the opportunity is lost with the commencement of rebuilding operations



CLEARING A ROMAN PAVING IN ONE OF THE ROOMS OF THE WHITTINGTON VILLA: Mrs. O'Neil and Miss A. Butt at work on the site of the fourth-century villa. In addition to the discovery of large pieces of paving, they have found extensive wall foundations and a number of air ducts

A VENTILATION CHANNEL BENEATH THE PAVING: Workers on the Whittington site examining a recent find within the fourth-century villa

On left—Throughout the summers of 1947 and 1948, archæologists have been tracing the ancient London wall. Last season they were concentrating upon the Cripplegate area, in the region of St. Giles, and they succeeded in identifying the various levels from medieval down to early Roman days, and in gathering a quantity of data which, without being sensational, has at least helped to piece together a little more of the very obscure history of the ancient fortress. In 1948 the search has been less intensive, but it still goes on, and city workers in their lunch-hour recess have been keenly interested spectators as the archæologists have set to work on the blitzed sites situated around Cannon Street at the eastern end of St. Paul's Cathedral

TO STEM THE FLOODWATERS OF THE NOTORIOUS DIGLEY BROOK: Work in progress on the construction of the £1,500,000 dam of puddled clay in the Holme Valley. The brook, with its deceptively peaceful name, has shown a giant's capacity for spreading death and destruction, and now it is to be harnessed, it is hoped, permanently

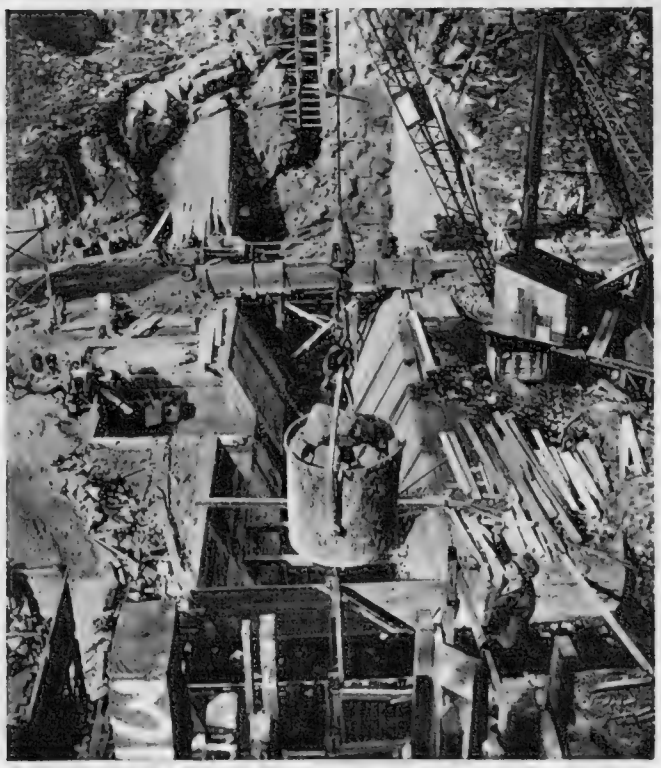
A £1,500,000 DAM TO END THE MENACE OF A BROOK

Construction Operations in a Yorkshire Valley of Tragic Memory

The story of the Holmfirth floods has been one of almost ceaseless tragedy. In July 1777 a contemporary writer recorded a vast wall of water engulfing men and animals as the Digley Brook burst its banks, while the major disaster in February 1852, when the Digley broke through the Bilberry reservoir, caused a loss of eighty-one lives. In 1944, when the milling town of Holmfirth was again inundated, three people were drowned and the damage to property was estimated at £250,000. In April 1947 a fresh start was made with the task of harnessing the unruly Digley, this time, it is hoped, for ever. Work on the new dam is now well advanced, and it should be finished in 1952. When filled, the Digley Reservoir will hold some 700,000,000 gallons of water, which will be used to increase the supply for Huddersfield and surrounding district. The new reservoir is being built on traditional lines, the main wall consisting of an earthen embankment. Below ground-level, in a trench which will be about 210 ft. deep, engineers will lay a barrier of concrete to stop water seeping under the dam, which was one of the causes of the 1852 disaster.

AN ENGINEER CHECKS THE LEVEL OF PROFILE LINES: Three of these lines are seen in the picture. They act as a guide to the men bringing material to the site

LOOKING DOWNSTREAM TO THE DIGLEY DAM SITE: Cranes bringing material to fill the gap and create the dam which it is hoped will prevent further flooding in the Holme Valley, and will also add to Huddersfield's water supply. The dam will be 890 ft. wide at the base



BUILDING THE BARRIER OF CONCRETE: This trench will be beneath the main wall of the Digley Dam. Its purpose is to stop water seeping beneath the dam, cause of the 1852 disaster

LOOKING ALONG THE VALLEY OF THE DIGLEY BROOK: In the foreground the dam structure rises between twin spurs. In the distance is the site of the former Bilberry Reservoir which burst over the dam in 1852, causing such loss of life. The new reservoir contained by the dam will cover 44 acres and will be drained from a catchment area of 2,200 acres

A BOEING SUPERFORTRESS RELEASES ITS AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT : The rescue craft, with inboard motor, navigating devices and provisions for fifteen men, is seen a moment after release from the bomb bay of its parent B 29. Near the rear can be seen the pilot parachute, which, the moment it unfolds pulls out the main parachute, containing 7,857 square feet of nylon

AMERICA'S AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT

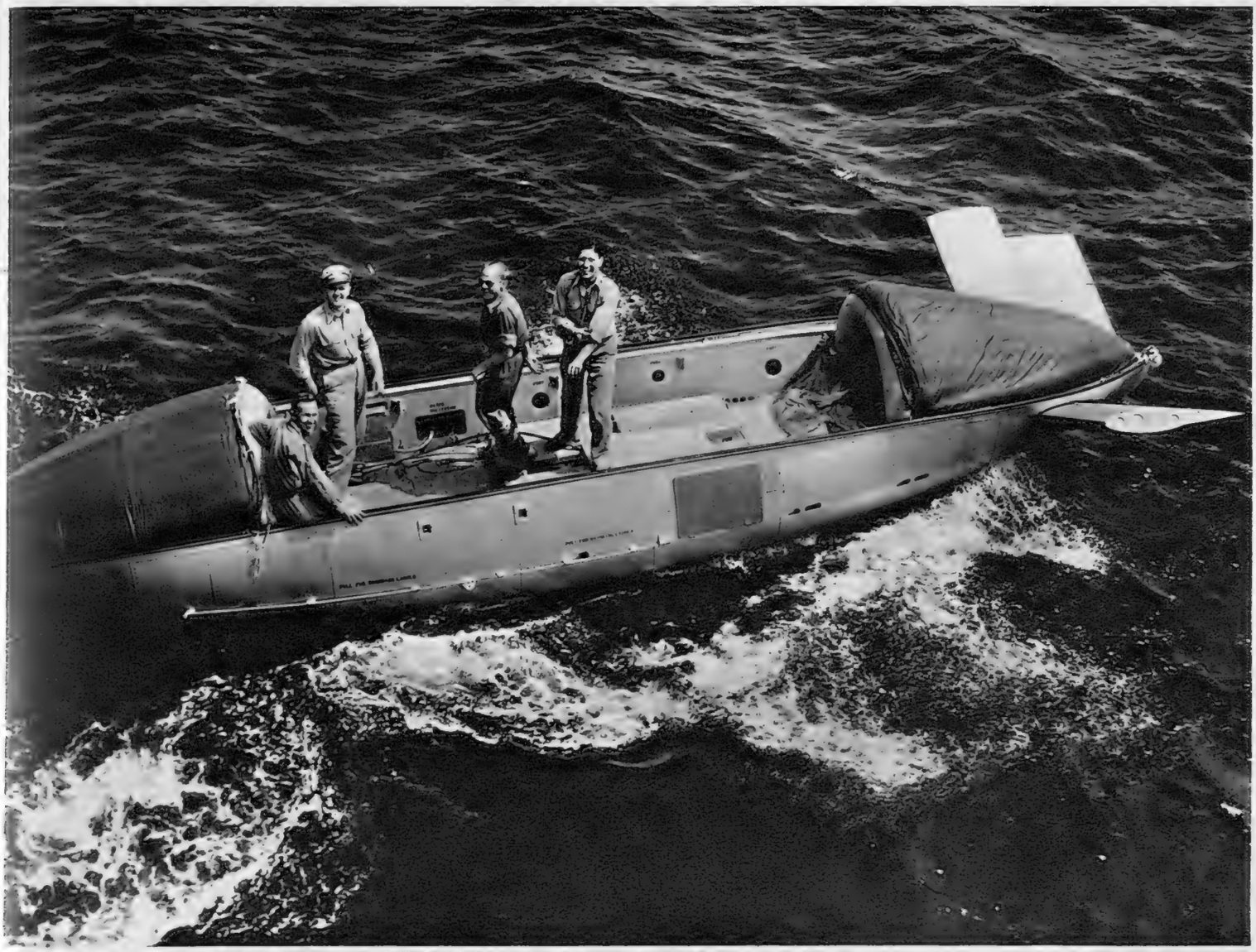
A Fifteen-man Rescue Craft is Dropped from the Bomb Bay of a Superfortress

Incorporating the lessons learnt over Europe during the Second World War, when so many pilots at one time or another found themselves in the English Channel, the United States Air Force has produced an ai rbornelifeboat of a most elaborate character. This two-ton aluminium craft, nearly 30 ft. long and carrying 5,671 lb. in men, equipment and fuel, can be dropped from high altitudes on a single parachute brought out by a pilot parachute. In tests the rescue boat has ridden out a tropical storm, and has shown itself capable of a range of 500 miles.

THE NEW A 3 AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT AS CARRIED IN THE BOMB BAY OF A BOEING SUPERFORTRESS : A close-up of the rescue craft. The shield at the stern (nearest camera) protects the rudder and the propeller of the inboard motor. On going into action on the surface of the water, the shield is jettisoned, as also are the wings (at the bows) which are used for stabilising the descent from the Superfortress. The 100-ft. parachute is seen laid out in the bows. The wheels of the boat are easily detachable

TRYING OUT THE TWO-TON LIFEBOAT : This picture was taken during a practice descent over Hempstead Harbour, not far from New York City. The main parachute is fully open and the wings in the bows of the boat are also helping to steady the descent

THE PILOT PARACHUTE PLAYS ITS PART : As the 30-ft. boat hurtles towards the water, its progress is checked first by the small 'chute and finally by the 100-ft. 'chute, which is seen in process of opening out



THE CREW ARE ABOARD THE RESCUE LIFEBOAT : The lifeboat is the first to descend, and after it come the crew, wearing lifebelts. They climb aboard their aluminium craft by means of boarding ladders, which let down from the sides, and in a matter of minutes can get the motor started and be heading for the nearest land

THE EQUIPMENT OF SURVIVAL : An American airman (*left*) wearing the new super-suit which combines the essentials of a lifejacket and a flying suit. It has been designed in the Aero-Medical Laboratory of Air Material Command. Flotation bladders provide support at neck and chest. In the leg pockets are emergency medical supplies and food packs. Similar suits are being developed by the Royal Air Force, and examples have been shown in recent issues of "The Sphere." *Right*—A new life-raft of improved pattern with all emergency accessories strapped in a container in order to prevent loss during the initial minutes

THE CAVALIERS ARE PASSING ON

And the Horse Show is No Longer a Star Attraction

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE day of the horse, except as a medium for gambling, is nearing its end as far as the reactions of the Great British Public are concerned.

This is the only possible conclusion which one could reach after visits to the International Horse Show at the White City last week. Fewer than 6,000 people, of whom the majority were children with free passes, watched the events when I was there on Tuesday. Great empty spaces met the eye, although the entrance fees were very reasonable and there was every possible attraction, including a parade of the French, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Swedish, American and British competitors, various other jumping competitions, a parade of the Heythrop hounds, a parade of mountain and moorland ponies, and other ponies trotting around in single harness. Now, if the trotting had been competitive, as in Belgium, and bookmakers had been able to shout the odds, it might have been different. . . .

A man who was watching the show beside me was extremely forthright about the whole thing. Less than forty years ago, he said, the horse was still the real friend of man. It was essential to carry him into battle when cavalry was cavalry. It ploughed his fields. It pulled his carts and carriages. To-day the tank has superseded the charger, and consequently half the *raison d'être* of foxhunting—to give young officers an eye for country—has disappeared. The agricultural tractor is replacing the horse-drawn plough as fast as possible. The dray-horse has been driven off a number of important London streets by law. Motor-cars have taken the place of carriages. Motor-coaches long ago put the stage-coach out of business. And practically nobody can afford to play polo.

There was, of course, a great deal in what he had to say. Perhaps that is why the International Horse Show was started just before it was too late. The one held last week was only the twenty-ninth since its inception, and even allowing for the various years in which it could not be held in World War I and World War II, it is therefore of quite recent origin.

Interest in the horse is much greater in Switzerland and Southern Ireland than it is in England. Since the war, I have been to International Horse Shows at Geneva and Berne, as well as to the Spring Show of the Royal Dublin Society at Balls Bridge. All were well attended, but perhaps that is due to the fact that both Switzerland and Eire were neutrals during the war. Certainly no country which fought between 1939-45 could afford the useless luxury of eight cavalry regiments, which is what happens to-day in Switzerland. Half-a-dozen squadrons of tanks of various types could certainly have dealt with all the Swiss Cavalry, however brave they might have been, in World War II. I asked a Swiss major about it. He made the usual stock reply that horses can go where tanks cannot. This is not even true, and it would have been better, one would have thought, to have concentrated on infantry and light tanks. I said as much. The major replied: "Well, there is this about it. Horse breeding is quite an important industry in Switzerland, and if we give up our cavalry regiments, there would be no great inducement to the Swiss farmers to maintain that industry."

In which connection, the Swiss are still buying horses in large quantities from Ireland, particularly for show jumping and International horse shows.

In Ireland the love of the horse is traditional, but even there it has become strictly business-like, and devoted to the ultimate object of breeding and selling horses for racing at as high prices as possible. Moreover, the Spring Show is more or less part of a trade exhibition displaying Irish goods.

Yes, the cavaliers are passing on, so let us salute them, men, women and children, while we may.

Personally, I enjoyed every minute of my time at the White City, although the jumping was not in the same class as the Prix des Nations at the Olympic Games. But it was great fun to see the various Welsh, Dartmoor, New Forest, Shetland, Connemara, Highland, Exmoor, Fell and Dale ponies. The staging of this parade must have been a proud moment in the history of the National Pony Society. When the Society was formed in 1893, the native British pony breeds had never been seriously considered, although they were known to have existed for a very long time. Realising their value, and the fact that once they were lost they could never be reinstated, the National Pony Society introduced sections for mountain and moorland ponies into the Stud Book, and set up committees in the different areas to deal with their registration until permanent societies could be formed. Since then it has been its policy to preserve the purity and encourage the breeding of these ponies, by holding shows for pure-bred and registered stock. It was very noticeable at the White City that the various breeds differ widely from one another, but all have the common factor of being hardy, sound, intelligent—qualities without which they could never have survived for countless generations in their native haunts.

The children's events are always very popular, and it was pleasant to see Hairpin of White Cloud, a twenty-year-old black mare, jumping almost faultlessly in Class 42. The actual winner was Tony of Nairdwood, ridden by thirteen-year-old Sylvia Colmer.

During the Show, the South Herts Beagles, the Old Berkeley East Foxhounds, the Brighton and Storrington Beagles, the Old Surrey and Burstow Foxhounds, and the Chiddingfold and Leconfield Foxhounds made popular appearances. So did the costers' turn-outs, the Arabians, and the hunters. All these were evidently of more interest to the layman than the Dressage, which is far too technical for the populace.

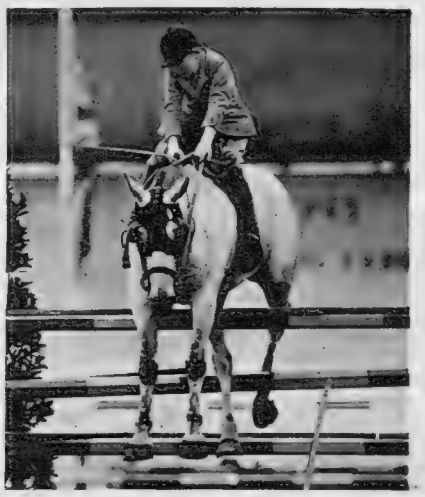
The olive-green or khaki uniforms of the foreign cavalry officers contrasted with the hunting pink of some of the French, and the English competitors, and it was all very colourful. But it was a great pity that no Mexican or Irish teams took part. The Mexicans in particular were very much missed, after having won the Prix des Nations. The real event of the week was, of course, the King George V Gold Cup. But what a pity that jousting cannot be revived. That would really draw the crowds, if the R.S.P.C.A. did not object.

The winner of the Gold Cup was Fox Hunter (Great Britain), ridden by Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn; in the jumping-off, Sucre de Pomme (which I saw jumping in Switzerland), ridden by a Frenchman; Acebuche, ridden by a Spanish major; and Totilla, ridden by an American colonel, tied for second place with eight faults apiece. It was distinctly bad luck on M. d'Oriola that he lost his stirrup for a moment, thus causing Marquis III to swerve and miss an obstacle to which he had to return. But for this he would have won, as he did last year.

There were many more people at the White City for the Gold Cup than there were on Tuesday, but attendance was infinitely smaller than at any greyhound meeting. It remains to be seen to what extent a revival of public interest in show jumping can be stimulated in this country without introducing bookmakers on to the scene.

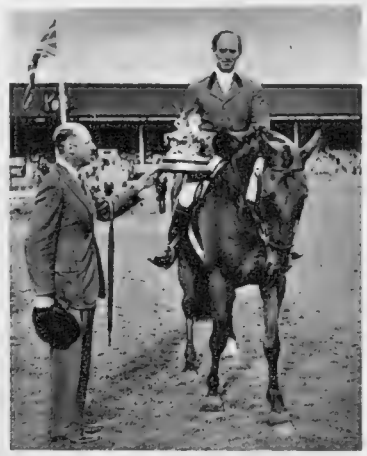
The Challenge Cup presented by the White City Stadium for the timed touch and out jumping competition, and won by Captain J. W. Russell, of the United States, second place going to M. d'Orgeix, and third and fourth places to the Spaniards, is the kind of event on which betting could be quite heavy.

Real horse-lovers will, of course, say that this is sacrilege. On the other hand, there would be remarkably few thoroughbred racehorses in this country if it were not for Tattersall's Ring. The actual prize money at race meetings is certainly not enough to attract any but the richest men to go in for horse breeding, and an owner like Lord Astor, who does not bet, is a rarity.



OVER THE STICKS AT THE WHITE CITY: Maureen Styles, on No Limit (*left*); and Dandy Bee (*right*), in the juvenile jumping competition at the International Horse Show. There were very many good performances, especially by the ponies. The winner was Mr. A. E. Way's 13·1 bay gelding Tony of Nairdwood

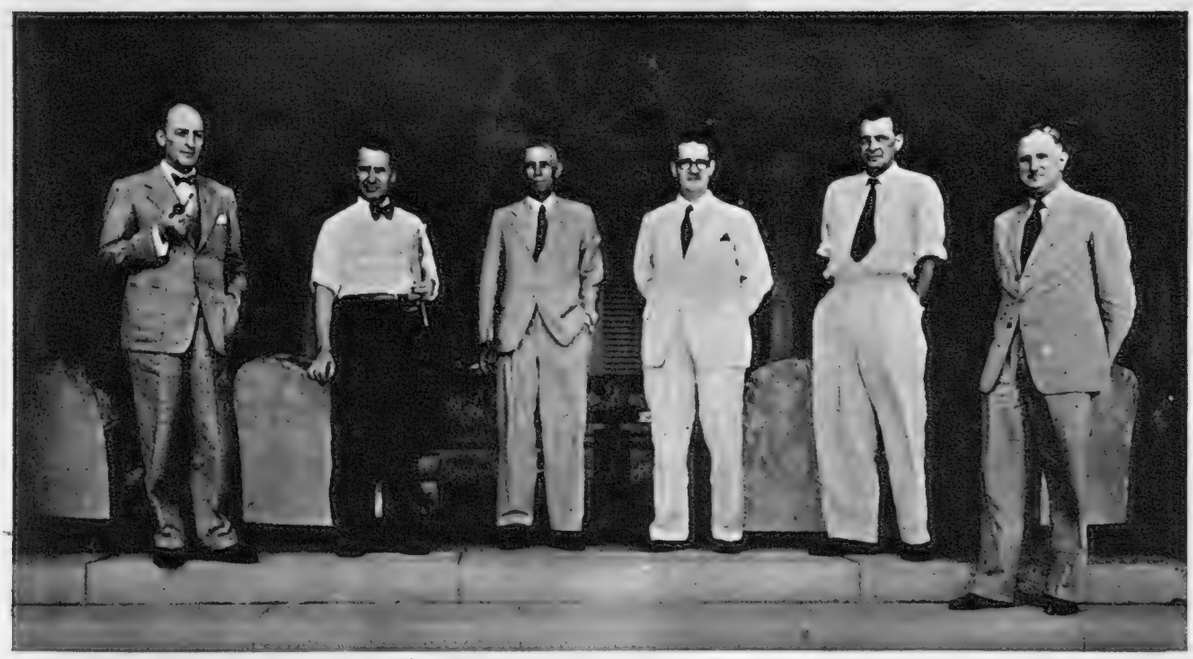
THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK PRESENTS THE BERNARD A. SELBY CHALLENGE CUP: Mr. E. Holland Martin, of London (on High Jinks), about to receive the award



KING GEORGE V GOLD CUP: The Duke of Beaufort presenting the trophy to Lt.-Col. Llewellyn, on Fox Hunter

CONTRASTING STYLES OVER THE SAME JUMP: Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn, on Fox Hunter (*left*), and Colonel F. F. Wing (United States Army), on Totilla (*right*), competing for the King George V Challenge Cup at the International Horse Show. Fox Hunter knocked one brick off the wall and otherwise had a clean round

A KEY POINT IN THE COMMUNIST THRUST: The Kelantan town of Gua Musang, in the midst of a Malayan jungle clearing, was captured by Communists at the start of their campaign, but since then British forces have moved in and, in spite of one column being ambushed, the town changed hands again. The Communists, however, have remained strong in Kelantan



BRITAIN'S COLONIAL ADMINISTRATORS IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA: A gathering at Singapore for the special conference held during the second month of the Malayan Communist uprising. Left to right—Sir Alexander Grantham, Governor of Hong Kong; Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, United Kingdom Commissioner-General for South-East Asia; Sir Alex Newboult, Acting High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya; Mr. James Caldwell, of North Borneo; Sir Charles Arden Clarke, Governor of Sarawak; and Sir Franklin Gimson, Governor of Singapore

MALAYAN CRISIS

Steps are Taken to Combat Communist Terrorism

Malaya, while momentarily pursuing her prosperous way after World War II, has been caught up in the Communist surge in South-East Asia. A *coup d'état* was prevented by the narrowest of margins, and now, not a moment too soon, Britain is rushing reinforcements to this peninsula torn with dissension and in the grip of general unrest. From Britain goes the 2nd Guards Brigade. The 4th Hussars have already left, while the 1st Battalion of The Royal Inniskillings has been despatched from Hong Kong to Singapore, and is already in action. At the time of writing, the picture is far from reassuring, and, as Sir Franklin Gimson, Singapore's Governor, has said: "People should not be lulled into a feeling of unnatural security."

The World of Books

MRS. BEETON, AND HER HUSBAND SAM

Nancy Spain, a Great-Niece of the Master Mind of the Kitchen, Produces a Most Engaging Biography

SAMUEL ORCHART BEETON, the hustling young Fleet Street publisher who won fame with an English pirate edition of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and rivalled Chambers of Edinburgh and the great John Cassell by diffusing useful educational matter long before public education had become a national concern, deserves at least an individual niche in literary history. Such, however, has not been allowed him. It was Sam's fate to marry the charming, blue-eyed Isabella Mary Mayson, that indefatigable compiler of nearly 4,000 recipes and

ISABELLA MARY BEETON (1836-1865): The author of "The Book of Household Management," one of the great best-sellers of the Victorian Era, is the subject of Nancy Spain's biography reviewed on this page. Mrs. Beeton's book comprised some 4,000 recipes and contained 556,000 words. She wrote it at the age of twenty-six and tested every recipe personally in her household

expert adviser on all household matters, who died in her twenty-ninth year, leaving behind one of the best-sellers of all time and, seemingly, a quite imperishable memory. Sam had perforce to take second place with his *Dictionary of Universal Information*, his *Dictionary of Biography*, and all the hundred-and-one products of his fertile brain. In MRS. BEETON AND HER HUSBAND (Collins. 12s. 6d.) Nancy Spain, a great-niece of the great cook-housekeeper, has produced a most engaging biography of a very lovable, and not very fortunate, couple. For all her wealth of knowledge upon matters culinary and domestic, her instructions on home-nursing and the rearing of children, Mrs. Beeton was unlucky in raising her own children, and she herself died of puerperal fever.

As for Sam Beeton, for all his wealth of ideas, he found himself in the bankruptcy court, and his valuable publishing properties dissipated through lawsuits. While they lived, however, these two enjoyed an intensely happy married life. With their youth, enterprise and enthusiasm, they never allowed themselves a dull or idle moment, and some of their trips to the Continent, in search of new ideas for Sam's magazines and Bella's books, constitute the liveliest chapters in Miss Spain's very able biography.

Sam never hesitated to go even farther afield on his literary enterprises, and the account of his trip to the United States to pay Harriet Beecher Stowe the sum of £500 in recognition of the success he had had with her story, reveals him as a man of integrity in an age when dog eats dog was very much the fashion in the publishing world. Mrs. Stowe's gracious acceptance of the £500 ("a severe wrench to her principles") is recorded with due solemnity, and Sam, we are told, was rewarded with a fine big oil painting of Uncle Tom and Little Eva, not to mention a letter of introduction to Mrs. Stowe's brother, the Rev. H. W. Beecher.

There was no doubt about the Beetons being a very unusual and hard-working pair, and at the hands of Miss Spain they have received a sympathy of treatment which they no doubt richly deserve, but which the ebullient, reckless Sam might not have been accorded by an author of less honesty and with a flair for the sensational.

André Gide's power, his crystal clarity of expression, his sense of poignancy, and his intellectual subtlety are so well conveyed in Dorothy Bussy's translation of STRAIT IS THE GATE (Secker and Warburg. 7s. 6d.), that there is no sense of loss, but all the same it is difficult not to ponder what an experience it would be to read his work in the original, with all its nuances, its multitudinous shades of meaning. *Strait is the Gate* is the first volume in the new standard edition of Gide's works, and there could be no better choice. It is a fine example of the short novel, this story of the love of two young people blighted by the sense of religious dedication in the girl. Gide allows us for a moment to glimpse the perfection of earthly love between two people, the emergence of an exquisite faith and understanding; and then the vision fades. Bit by bit, with tragic remorselessness, that love is torn asunder as another, stronger force takes command. The girl, in an agony of self-questioning, asks: "Was he not born for something better than to love me? And should I love him so much if he were to stop short at myself? How much all that might be heroic dwindles in the midst of happiness!" And so the young man is renounced, not wholly for the reasons that Tennyson's heroine of *St. Agnes's Eve* renounced the world, but because two together, side by side, may not, cannot tread the heights. And so this tale of frustration and negation, of wrong-headedness or sublime virtue (have it which way you will) draws to its quiet, hopeless climax. Many will find it inexpressibly moving; none will fail to detect the master hand.

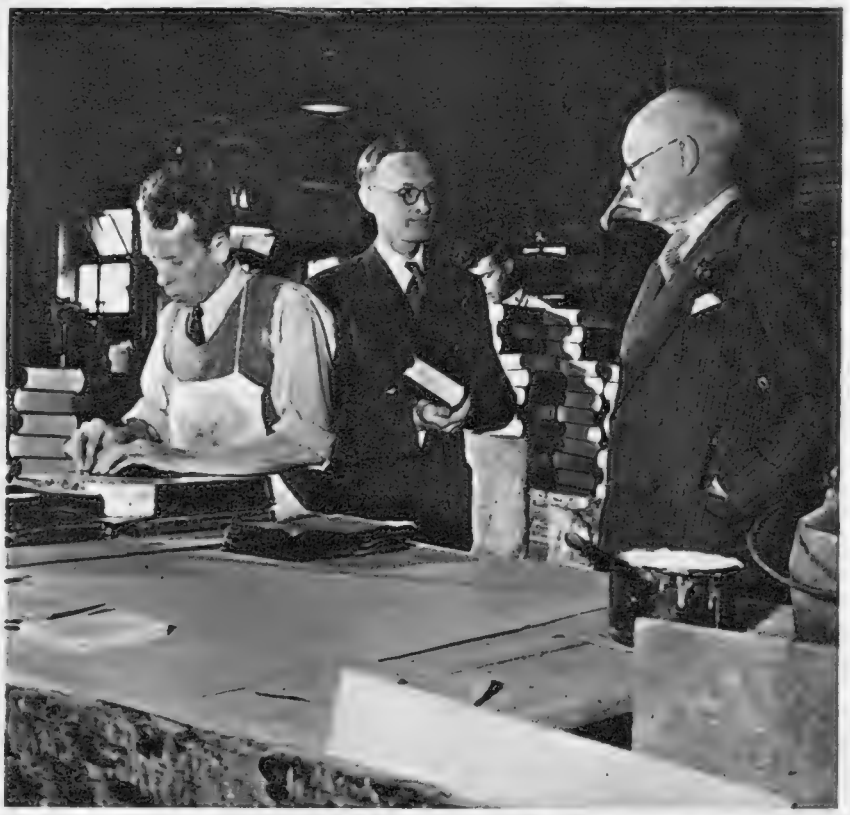
NANCY SPAIN: The great-niece of Mrs. Beeton and the author of the new biography. She has made very good use of several of Mrs. Beeton's diaries, together with a remarkable collection of letters

It is a mighty, inescapable trend of the times, fraught at moments with ugliness and insensate brutality, and there are self-seekers as well as lofty idealists along every stretch of the way. How could it be otherwise? To help us unravel this tangled skein of Asiatic affairs, two books came to our rescue this week. One is Robert Payne's THE REVOLT OF ASIA (Victor Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), and the other is Bernard Newman's NEWS FROM THE EAST (Victor Gollancz. 18s.). Both books, the product of tens of thousands of miles of air, sea, and land travel, not to mention some highly skilled observation, emphasise the vast potentialities of the Asiatic Continent and, incidentally, adumbrate an eastward shifting of the focus of world affairs. Of the two books, Mr. Newman's is the more factual, and it is inclined to dart without warning from one set of rather disjointed facts to another, while Mr. Payne's Eastern guide is strongly analytical. His portrait of Nehru is outstanding and in India's mercurial first Premier it is possible, we are told, the world may yet see the architect of a vast federation of Oriental States.

India and Pakistan have just celebrated a year of independence. Malay, Burma, Siam, and Indo-China are all, in varying degree, in the grip of the vast surge forward of the peoples of Asia towards national independence.

America's pioneering spirit has not been frustrated in two-and-a-half centuries of nationhood, for no sooner had the westward push to the Pacific achieved its purpose than the far north, the "foolhardy" Alaskan purchase of Lincoln's Secretary of State, Seward, called the adventurers of the New World. Among them was Charlie Brower, who, on and off for the past fifty years, has proudly proclaimed himself as Uncle Sam's most northerly citizen. Since 1890 he has made his home at Point Barrow, where the north tip of Alaska reaches out beyond the Arctic Circle. These fifty-eight years have been packed with adventure, much of it encountered with the whalers and on fur-trading expeditions, and Charlie Brower, in a racy style, that would appear to be very much his own, sets it all down with gusto. He calls his book FIFTY YEARS BELOW ZERO (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), but anything more calculated to set the pulse racing it is hard to imagine. As for the loneliness of the Far North, it just does not seem to exist in Charlie Brower's reckoning.

For the traveller at home are three new books rather similar in character. STERN AND WILD: A NEW SCOTTISH JOURNEY (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.), by Moray McLaren; FELL DAYS (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.), by Graham Sutton; and UP-HELLY-AA TAR-BARRELS AND GUIZING LOOKING BACK (T. and J. Manson. 10s. 6d.), by C. E. Mitchell. Moray McLaren's Scottish journey must have been a most engaging experience, and Mr. McLaren's marked descriptive powers help us to share it, but his friend Paul, who crops up a little too often with his knowing and apposite questions, his ability to provide the answers when the author's fund of knowledge flags, is a little too accommodating to be acceptable. Next time author McLaren is foot-loose in the highlands, perhaps he will leave Paul behind. Paul is a bore. Graham Sutton's book, product of a deep love of lakeland, is a series of tales and essays about John Peel's country, with fact and fiction neatly balanced. C. E. Mitchell is not a native-born Shetlander, but from boyhood days when his father took him on holiday to the islands, he has taken an interest in their manners and customs, hence his book on Tar-barrels, Up-Helly-Aa, and the Yule festivities generally. As he married the niece of a man whom he describes as "probably the last of the genuine old Tar-barrellers," Mr. Mitchell is able to introduce us to these abstruse, once pagan, rites with very specialised knowledge.



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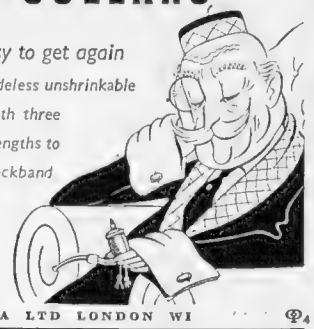

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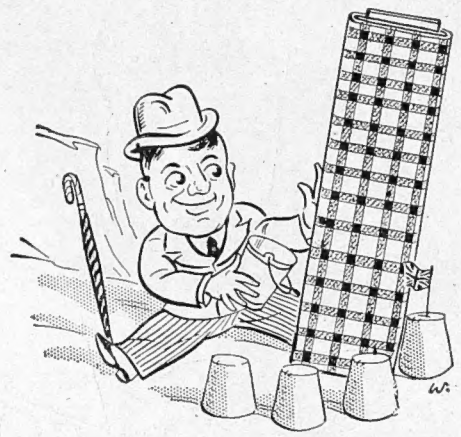

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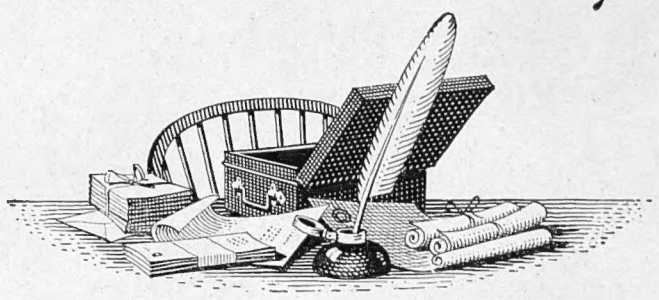

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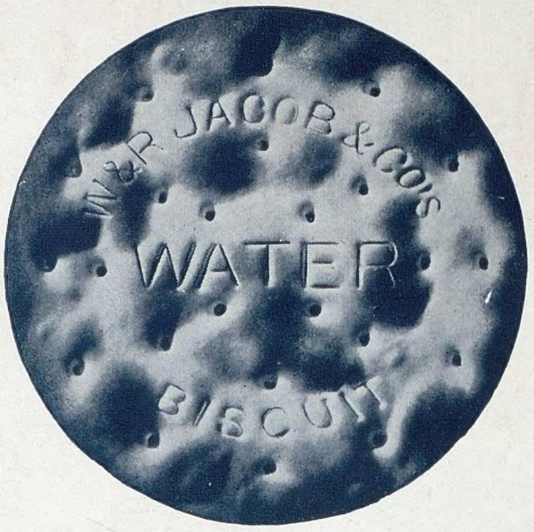

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